

# STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES

No. 191

26p

A detailed illustration of a man, presumably Starblazer Carter, with a determined expression. He has short dark hair and is wearing a yellow headband with a small rectangular device. He is dressed in a red shirt with a white strap over his right shoulder. He holds a large, gold-colored, multi-barreled futuristic handgun. The background is a dark blue night sky filled with stars, with a cityscape featuring various buildings and structures visible below. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art.

## CARTER'S LAW



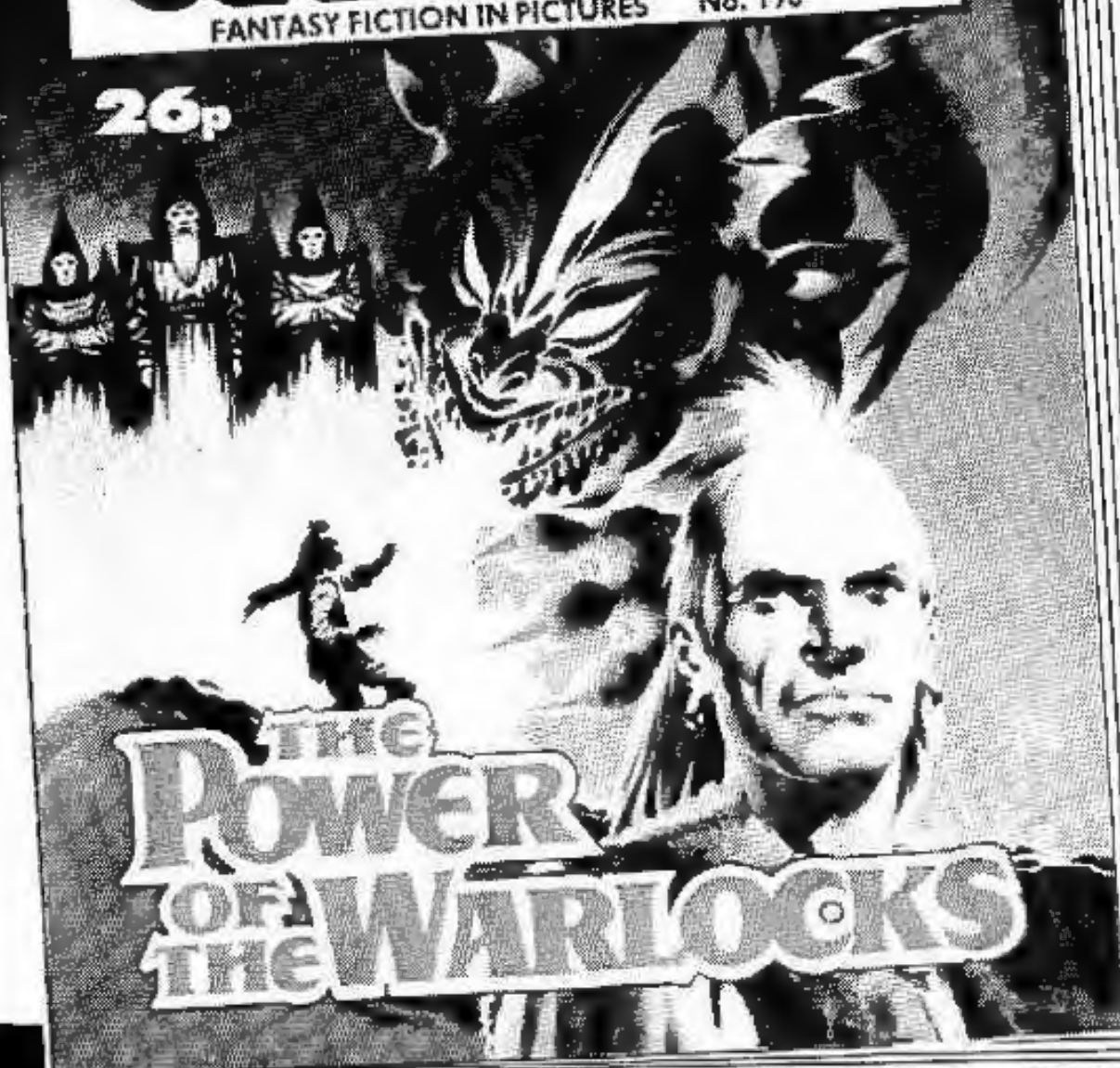
**DON'T  
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER  
ACTION-PACKED  
ADVENTURE**

# STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 190

**26p**



**THE  
POWER  
OF  
THE WARLOCKS**

**NOW ON SALE**

# CARTER'S LAW

BY THE 32ND CENTURY MANKIND HAD COLONISED THE OUTER REACHES OF THE GALAXY, BUT HUMAN GREED AND HATRED REMAINED. IT HAD TO BE DEALT WITH BY MEN LIKE CARTER, A SENIOR LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER IN THE GALACTIC DIVISION OF THE FEDERAL POLICE FORCE. CARTER WAS SPECIAL — HE WAS A MANDROID, PART HUMAN, PART MACHINE!

THE BOMB, HALLAN — WHERE IS IT? THE ONE YOU PLANTED NEAR A SCHOOL LIKE THE ONE WHICH WENT OFF SIX MONTHS AGO. WHERE IS IT?

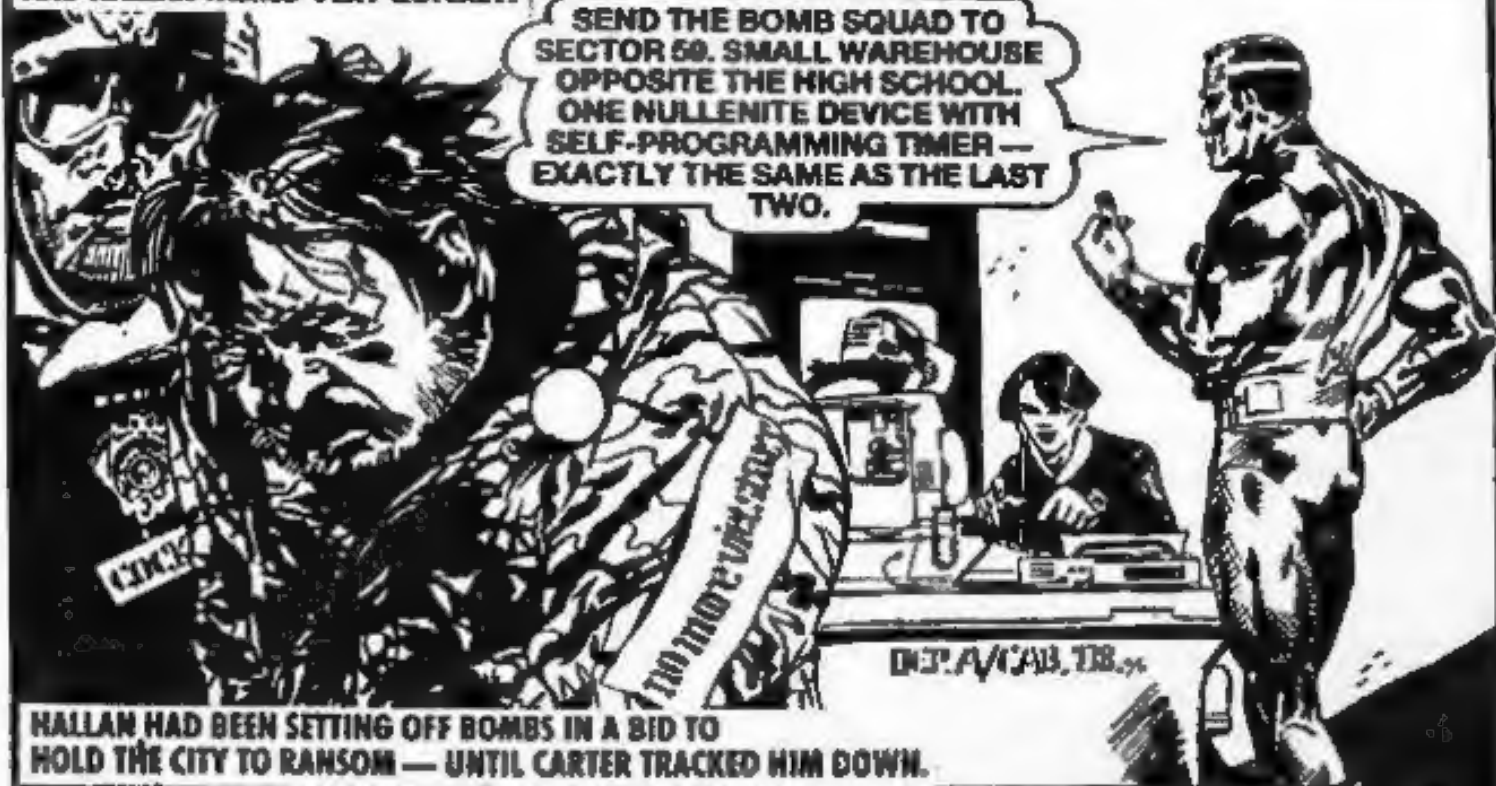
I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!





AND HALLAN TALKED VERY QUICKLY.

SEND THE BOMB SQUAD TO SECTOR 50. SMALL WAREHOUSE OPPOSITE THE HIGH SCHOOL. ONE NULLENITE DEVICE WITH SELF-PROGRAMMING TIMER — EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE LAST TWO.





# MULTI-TALENTED ROBOTS

WHAT WERE YOU DOING WITH THAT SUSPECT, CARTER?

I TOOK HIM ON THE ROOF FOR SOME FRESH AIR.



THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOUR CRUDE AND BARBARIC METHODS. WE HAVE TRUTH SENSORS!

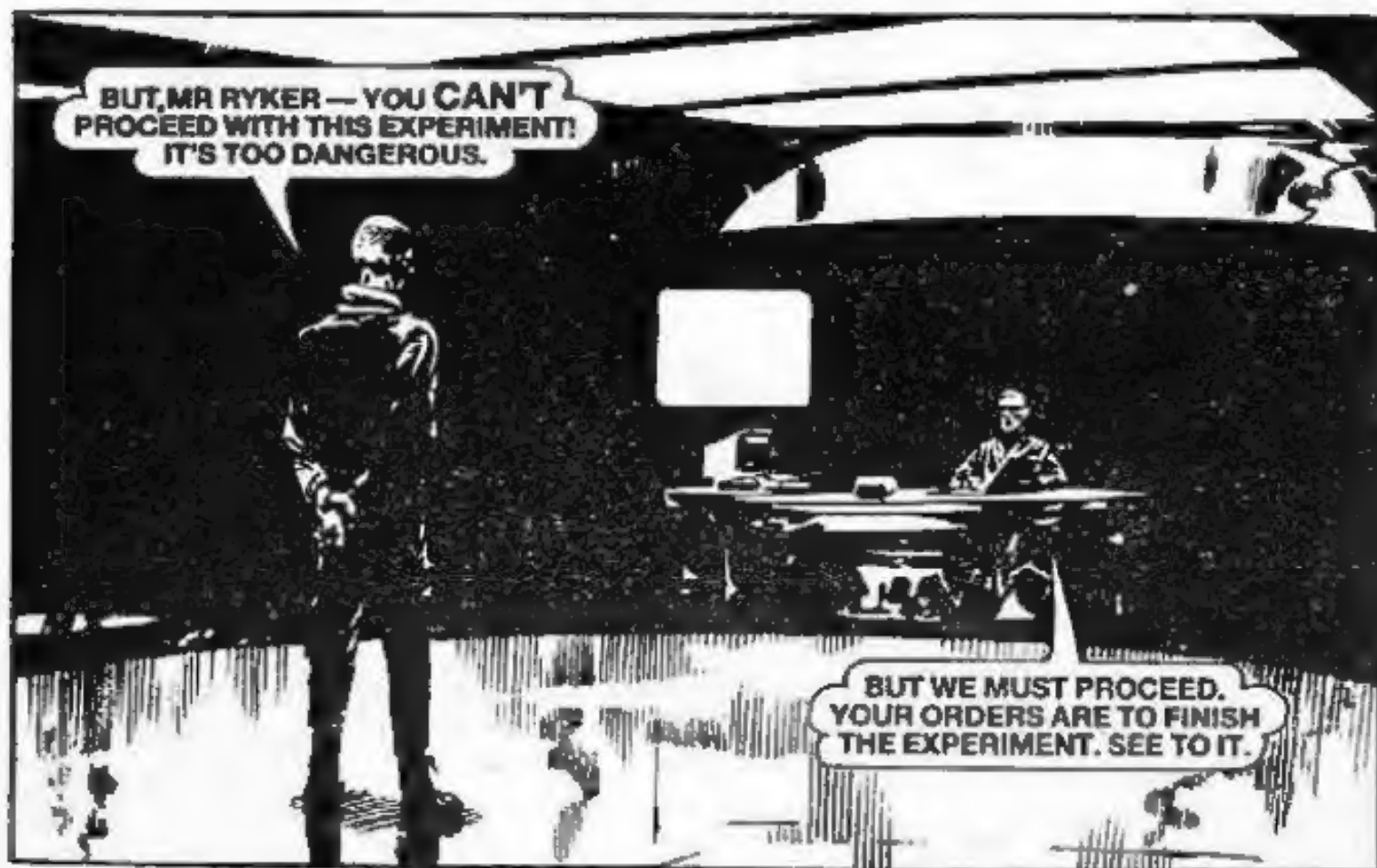
AND HOW LONG DO THEY TAKE? BY THE TIME THOSE CURSED MACHINES DECIDED WHAT WAS TRUE AND WHAT WASN'T, A WHOLE LOT OF KIDS WOULD HAVE BEEN COSMIC DUST.



OKAY, METAL MAN! I'VE ASSIGNED A FELLOW OFFICER TO WORK WITH YOU. IT'S THE LATEST POLICY FROM FEDERATION ADMINISTRATION. FROM NOW ON ALL INVESTIGATORS WILL WORK IN TEAMS — YOU INCLUDED! THAT'S ALL, CARTER. DISMISS!



UNKNOWN TO CARTER, PROBLEMS WERE BUILDING UP FOR THE FUTURE. ON CEROS, LIGHT YEARS AWAY, THERE WAS A HEAVILY GUARDED COMPLEX. SHROUDED IN SECRECY IT WAS SITUATED IN A DESERT REGION SOME DISTANCE FROM THE NEAREST COLONY ...



I CAN'T... IT IS MORALLY WRONG! I INTEND TO MAKE A FULL REPORT ON PROJECT TERMINUS TO THE FEDERAL SCIENCE COMMISSION.

HE'LL TRY TO STOP ME MAKING THIS PUBLIC — HE HAS FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES. HE MAY EVEN TRY TO RUIN MY CAREER AND SEE I NEVER WORK IN ANOTHER LABORATORY AGAIN.

YOU'RE A BRILLIANT GENE BIOLOGIST, TAYLOR. IT'S JUST A PITY YOU HAVE TOO MANY SCRUPLES. GO!

TAYLOR LEFT RYKER'S OFFICE — A WORRIED MAN.

BUT RYKER DIDN'T INTEND RUINING TAYLOR'S CAREER...

NO!... PLEASE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT'S ME — TAYLOR! I CREATED YOU!

... JUST ENDING IT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN DEEP SPACE, THE NORTH STAR, A MEDIUM RANGE CARGO SHIP, PICKED UP SOMETHING ON THE SCANNERS...

OBJECT HAS A LOW ENERGY YIELD AND A MASS OF FIVE KILOGRAMS. IMPACT WITH SHIP IN THREE SECONDS. WE CANNOT TAKE EVASIVE ACTION.

A MERE PEBBLE, COMPUTER. THAT THING WON'T EVEN DENT OUR HULL.

BUT—

MAIN BULKHEAD HAS BEEN BREACHED! LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM FAILURE IMMINENT! CLEAR ALL DECKS. THIS IS NOT A DRILL!



THE SHIP IS BEING EATEN UP.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

A SUBSTANCE CONFORMING TO AN ORGANIC LIFE FORM IS EATING INTO THE STRUCTURE OF THIS SHIP.



MEANWHILE, FAR, FAR AWAY CARTER WAS ON HIS FIRST CASE WITH HIS NEW PARTNER—

I'M GOING IN, DOLAN!  
GET READY TO COME  
THROUGH THAT REAR  
ENTRANCE.

AFFIRMATIVE!

THIS IS THE FEDERATION  
POLICE! YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST!

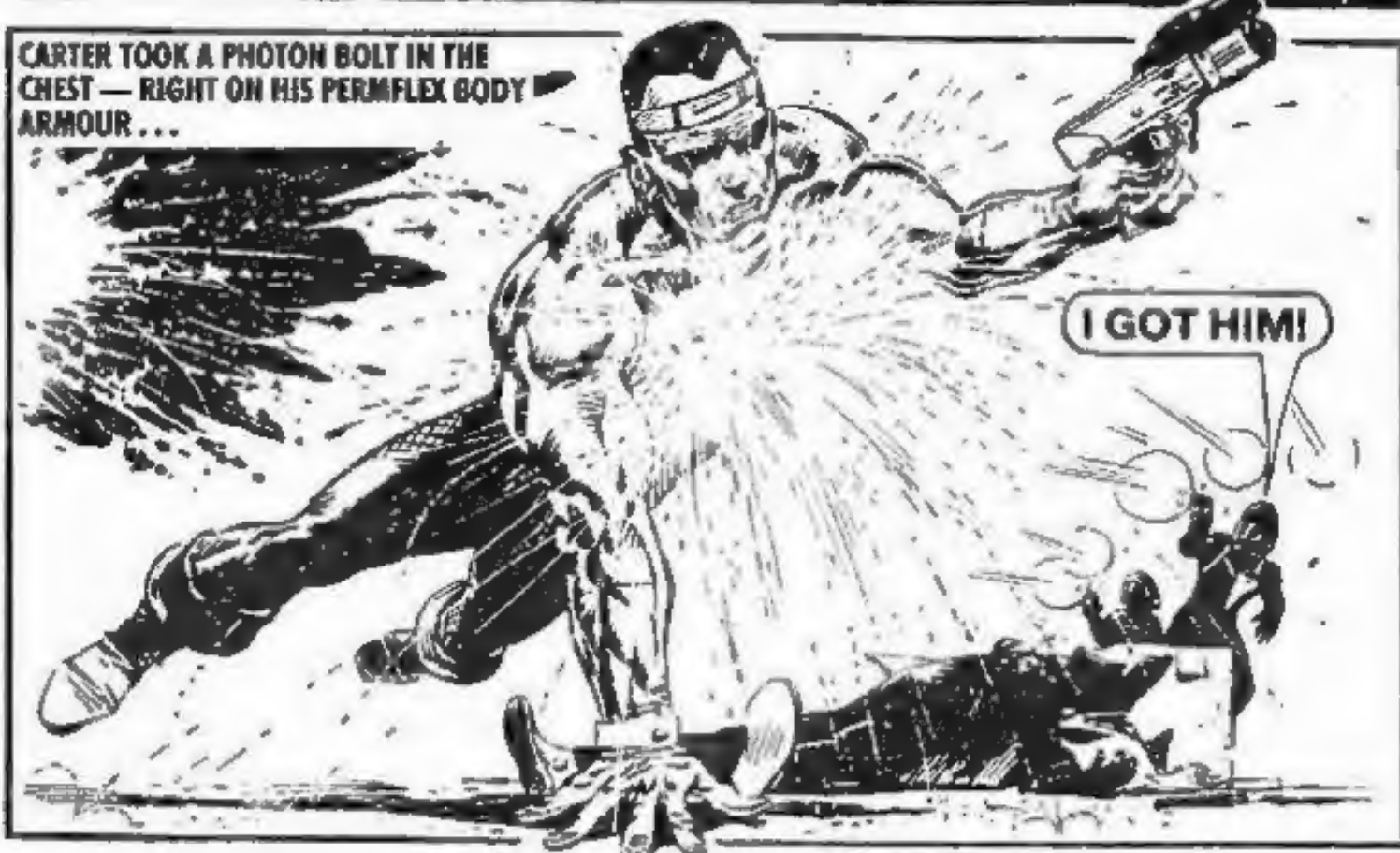
WHAT THE ... ?!!!

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THE CROOKS DECIDED TO FIGHT IT OUT — IT SEEMED A BETTER ALTERNATIVE THAN 15 YEARS ON A PENAL PLANET!



CARTER TOOK A PHOTON BOLT IN THE CHEST — RIGHT ON HIS PERMFLEX BODY ARMOUR...





JUST THEN ...

**DROP THOSE WEAPONS!**







**RYKER  
INDUSTRIES.**  
THE LEADERS  
IN CYBERNETIC  
ENGINEERING.

*we bring you  
a better future*

*First*

**SUNGA**  
2900M

*Cola*

I WASN'T PLAYING, SIR . . . I TAKE  
MY JOB VERY SERIOUSLY.

IN THAT CASE . . . LISTEN, AND  
DO WHAT I TELL YOU TO DO!

THEY DROVE TO THE  
SPACEPORT AFTER WRITING  
THE REPORT ON THEIR  
PRISONERS.

A MESSAGE CAME THROUGH  
ABOUT AN HOUR AGO — CODE  
EMERGENCY RED-ALPHA. OUR  
MERCHANT SPACE FLEET ARE  
MISSING ONE CARGO SHIP. AND IT  
WAS THE MAYDAY MESSAGE  
THAT REALLY GOT THEM  
WORRIED. WHAT DO YOU MAKE  
OF IT?

IT TAKES SOME BELIEVING.  
PERHAPS THE COMPUTER THAT  
SENT IT WAS MALFUNCTIONING.

**STARAIR**

enrollment

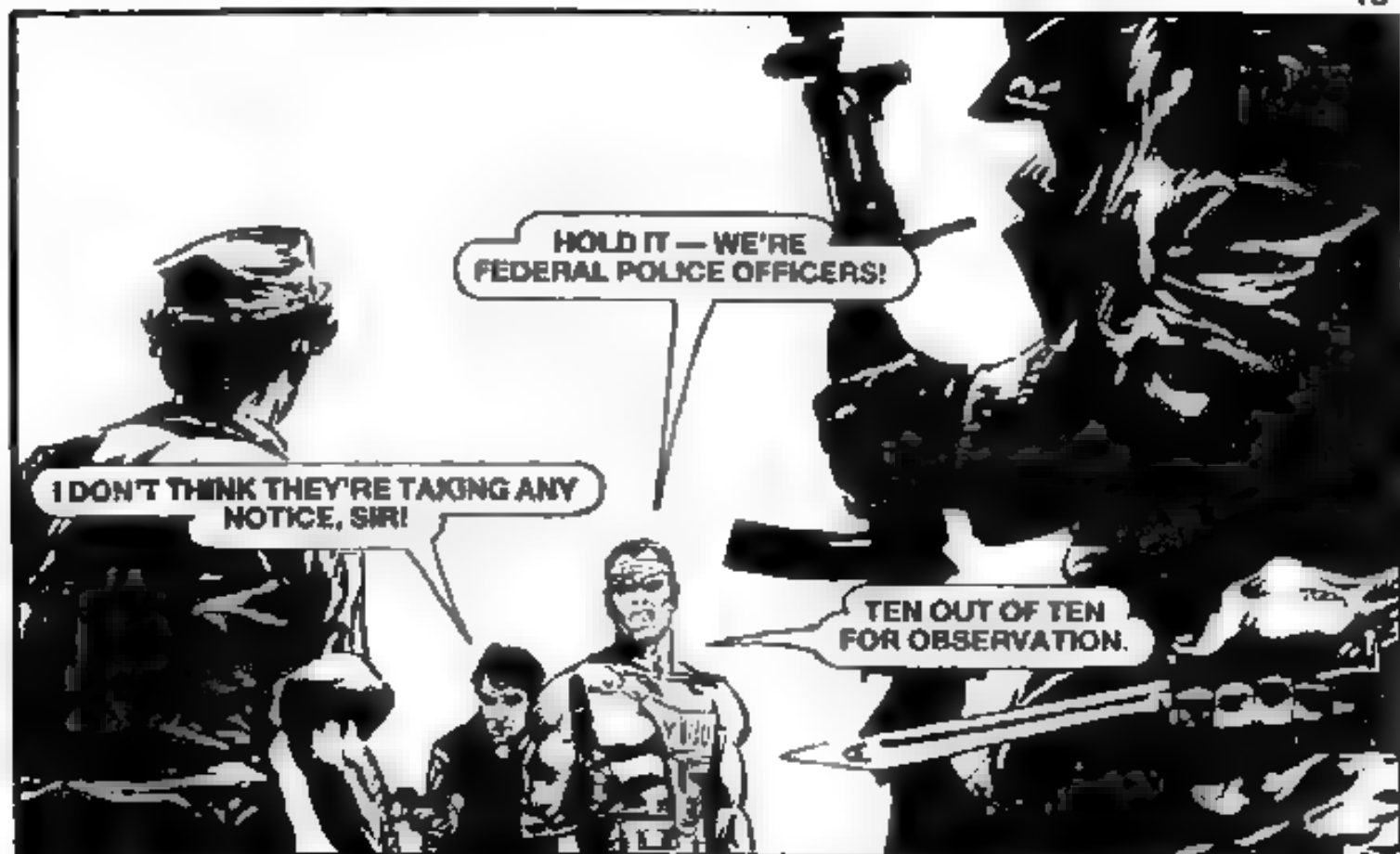
THE OBJECT WHICH ATTACKED THE "NORTH STAR" HAD BEEN TRACKED TO A SMALL PLANET IN THE CASSIOPEIA CONSTELLATION, ALRISHAN, AND WHEN THEY ARRIVED THERE.



CARTER HAD NO SOONER SPOKEN WHEN ...







**CARTER AND DOLAN FIRED AT THE GROUND IN  
AN ATTEMPT TO STOP THE MOB.**





THE COLONY POLICE ACTED AS THOUGH THEY HADN'T HEARD A THING.

I'M CARTER — THIS IS INVESTIGATOR DOLAN. YOU'VE GOT A FULL SCALE RIOT OUT THERE!

WE NEED A LINE TO FEDERATION SECURITY HEADQUARTERS. WHERE'S YOUR COMMUNICATIONS ROOM?



CARTER FIRED A SPLIT SECOND LATER — HIS  
PHOTON BOLT HITTING THE COMPUTER!

RUN FOR IT, DOLAN!  
I'LL COVER YOU!







THAT SHOULD SLOW YOU DOWN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU PEOPLE — AND I'M NOT STAYING AROUND TO FIND OUT. AT LEAST NOT WITHOUT SOME BACKUP!

MEANWHILE...

THERE'S ONE OF THEM!

HOLD IT! WE CAME HERE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON. SO LET'S DROP THOSE CLUBS AND TALK ABOUT IT. NOTHING IS EVER GAINED BY VIOLENCE.



KILL! . . . KILL! . . . KILL!

JUST THEN



FINE PARTNER YOU ARE,  
DOLAN! I LEAVE YOU ALONE  
FOR FIVE MINUTES AND YOU  
GET YOURSELF BEATEN UP!

WHEN YOUR ARM IS MADE OF TUNGSTEN  
HARDENED METAL, YOU CAN DO TRICKS LIKE  
THIS.

YOU'RE UNDER ... ARREST FOR ...  
ASSAULTING A POLICE OFFICER!

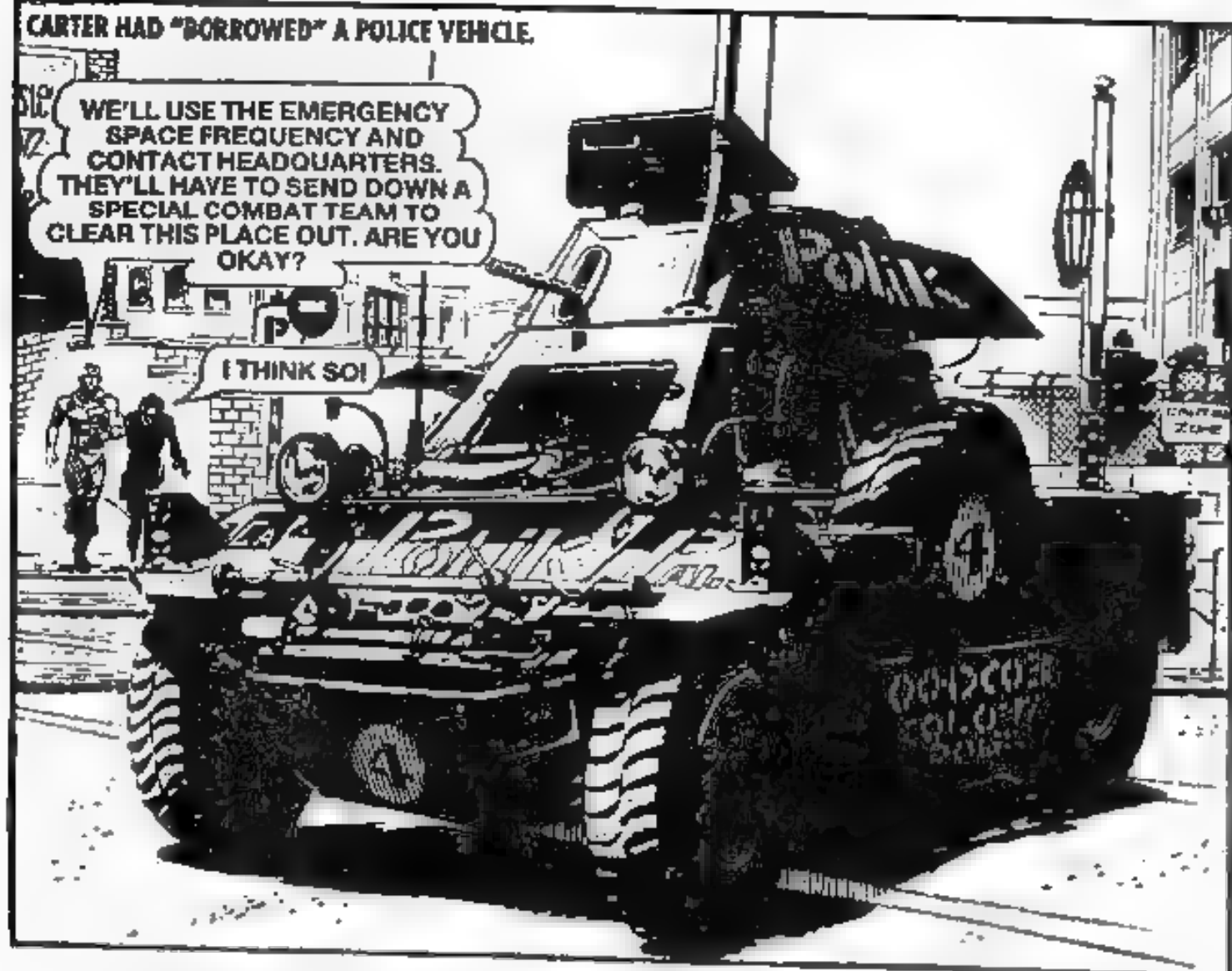
DOLAN ...  
SHUT UP!



CARTER HAD "BORROWED" A POLICE VEHICLE.

WE'LL USE THE EMERGENCY SPACE FREQUENCY AND CONTACT HEADQUARTERS. THEY'LL HAVE TO SEND DOWN A SPECIAL COMBAT TEAM TO CLEAR THIS PLACE OUT. ARE YOU OKAY?

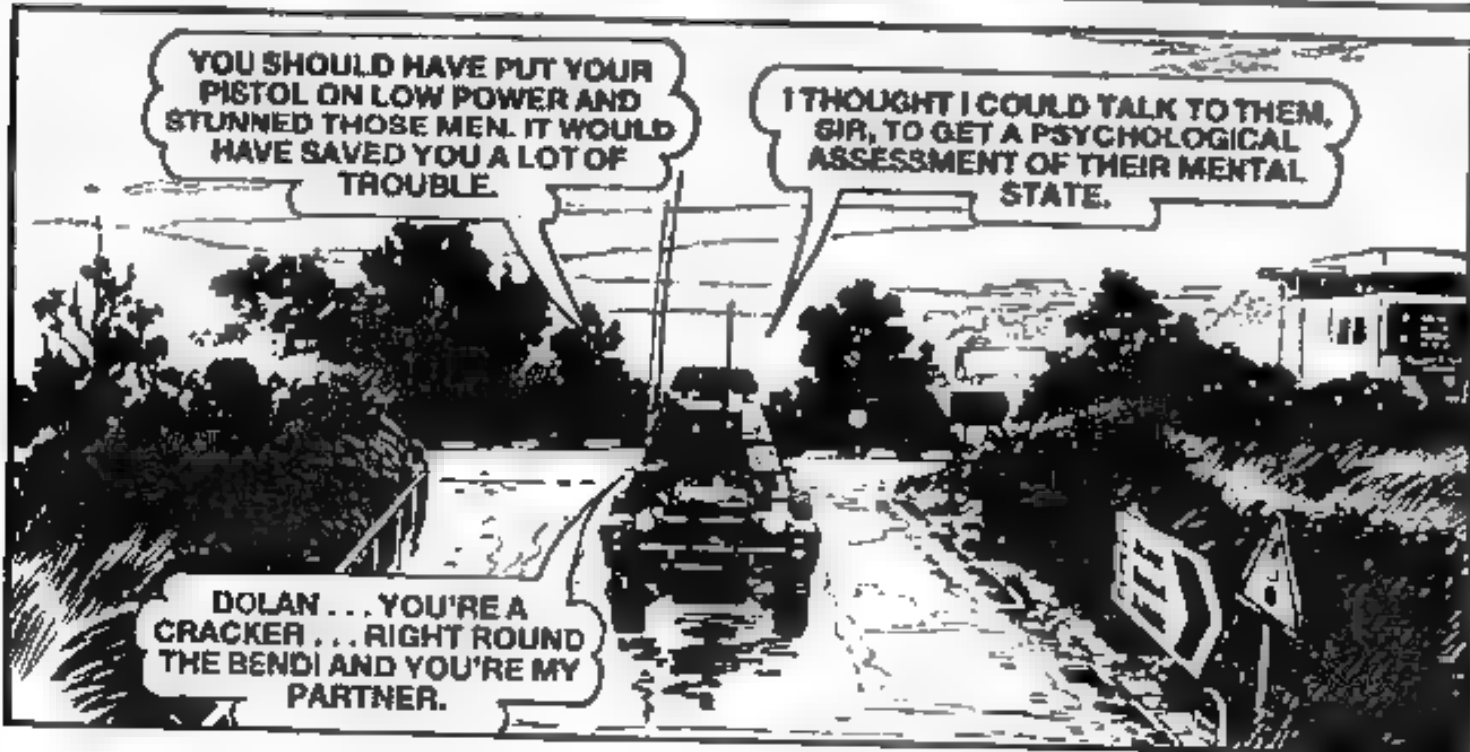
I THINK SO!



YOU SHOULD HAVE PUT YOUR PISTOL ON LOW POWER AND STUNNED THOSE MEN. IT WOULD HAVE SAVED YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE.

I THOUGHT I COULD TALK TO THEM, SIR, TO GET A PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSESSMENT OF THEIR MENTAL STATE.

DOLAN... YOU'RE A CRACKER... RIGHT ROUND THE BEND! AND YOU'RE MY PARTNER.





AS CARTER AND DOLAN MADE THEIR  
ESCAPE FROM ALRISHAN, BACK ON  
CEROS.

YOU FIND US UNPLEASANT TO  
LOOK AT, MR RYKER?

WELL, YOU'RE NO OIL  
PAINTING BUT I'LL GET  
USED TO YOU. THE TWO  
SPORES WE SENT OUT  
WERE SUCCESSFUL. YOU  
SAW THE DATA?



YES! HOWEVER CARTER SEEMS  
TO HAVE BEEN LUCKY.

CARTER IS A SURVIVOR. YOU  
WOULD HAVE SEEN THAT HAD  
YOU CHECKED THE FEDERAL  
SECURITY DATA BANKS.

AND YOU HAVE?

YES!

CARTER IS A MANDROID. EVEN  
SOME OF HIS BRAIN CELLS ARE  
BIO-ELECTRONIC. WHICH MAKES  
HIM BOTH CLEVER AND  
DANGEROUS.

HA! HA! HA! YOU'RE  
SCARED, RYKER — YOU OF  
ALL PEOPLE! WE TOO ARE  
SURVIVORS. WE'VE SURVIVED  
BILLIONS OF YEARS — AND  
NOW OUR INTELLECT HAS  
REACHED YOUR LEVEL. WE  
CAN DEAL WITH CARTER  
ANOTHER TIME.

I HOPE  
YOU'RE RIGHT.

CARTER, NOW WITH REINFORCEMENTS,  
LED THE ASSAULT ON THE COLONY—


THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! GET  
THE MEDICAR TO PICK HIM UP.

RIGHT, SIR!

THEY'RE ALL STUNNED!  
WHAT'S THE VERDICT, DOC?

SOME SORT OF  
DELUSIONAL MADNESS.  
THEY THINK WE'RE ALIEN  
INVADERS.

GREAT! SO WHAT  
CAUSED IT?




A VIRUS — HENCE YOUR PROTECTIVE SUITS. IT'S NOT IN THE ATMOSPHERE, BUT TRANSMITTED BY THE INFECTED VICTIM HIMSELF. WE'RE WORKING ON A VACCINE.

BETTER FIND IT QUICK BEFORE IT SPREADS AND WE ALL START SEEING THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE. HOWEVER, IT'S NOW A MEDICAL PROBLEM. SO IT'S OUT OF OUR HANDS.



I'VE BEEN HACKING AWAY ON THE COMPUTER, AND HERE'S A MISSING PERSON REPORT. THE MAN'S WIFE CONTACTED HEADQUARTERS THREE DAYS AGO.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THAT ATE A CARGO SHIP, AND NOW YOU TELL ME ABOUT SOME GUY THAT HASN'T COME HOME. DON'T WASTE MY TIME!



JUST LISTEN — THE MAN IS A SCIENTIST — A DOCTOR TAYLOR. HE WORKS FOR RYKER INDUSTRIES AND HIS JOB IS CLASSIFIED. I JUST THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE A CONNECTION.



OKAY, DOLAN. THERE MIGHT BE A CONNECTION, BUT IF YOUR INFORMATION IS WRONG, I'LL HAVE YOU BACK AT COLLEGE SWEEPING FLOORS.

THANK YOU, SIR!

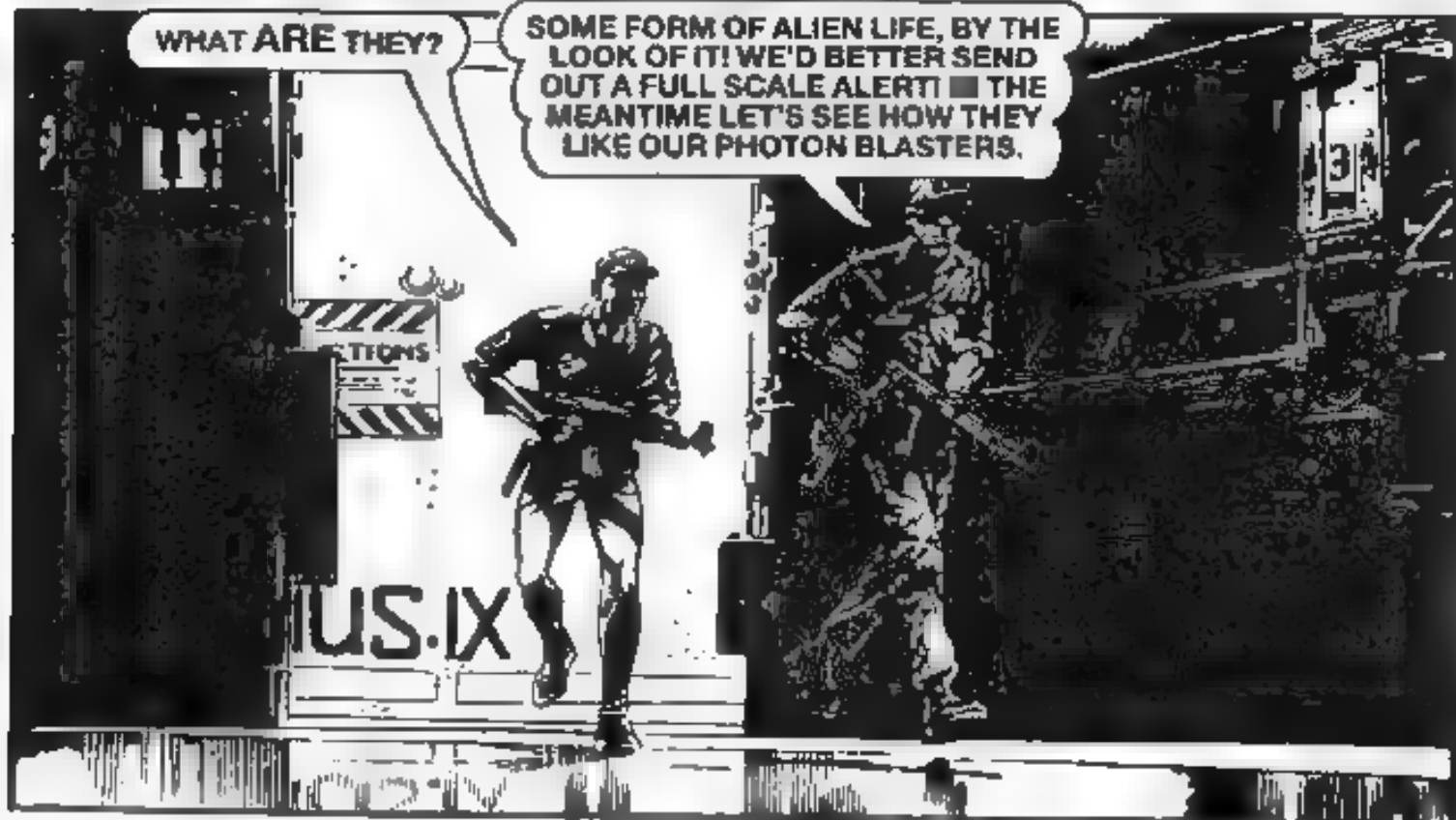
■ CARTER AND DOLAN HEADED FOR RYKER INDUSTRIES, ■ AN ORDNANCE FACTORY ON THE PLANET SYGMUS IX...



ANOTHER PHASE OF PROJECT TERMINUS WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE. SOMEHOW, SOMETHING HAD EVADED THE ALARM SYSTEMS GUARDING THE BUILDING AND ENTERED — SOMETHING DEADLY...

WHAT ARE THEY?


SOME FORM OF ALIEN LIFE, BY THE LOOK OF IT! WE'D BETTER SEND OUT A FULL SCALE ALERT! ■ THE MEANTIME LET'S SEE HOW THEY LIKE OUR PHOTON BLASTERS.



THE ATTACK CAME FROM ABOVE — AND THE TWO MEN WERE TAKEN BY SURPRISE.



WHAT THE... ?!!!!



OUR LITTLE FRIENDS GOT RID OF THE GUARD AND OPENED THE DOORS! I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE THIS EASY.

GET THOSE WEAPONS LOADED ON THE TRANSPORTER. WE HAVE TO BE OUT OF THIS SECTOR BEFORE THE NEXT PATROL SHIP IS DUE. THEN WE CAN CONGRATULATE OURSELVES!

41 ON  
STATUS  
EX

AN HOUR LATER A SLEEK BLACK SHIP LEFT THE PLANET ...

INTRUDERS! THE VESSEL DOES NOT  
RESPOND TO COMMUNICATIONS AND  
REFUSES TO IDENTIFY HERSELF.

AFFIRMATIVE! FULL BOOST AND  
LOCK WEAPONS ON TARGET.  
INFORM STARBASE AND TELL THEM  
WE'RE GOING IN.

IN A TREMENDOUS SURGE OF POWER THE BLACK SHIP SPED OUT  
INTO DEEP SPACE, LEAVING JUST A TRAIL OF HOT EXHAUST GASES.

IT'S GONE! THAT THING MUST  
HAVE ACCELERATED TO WARP-  
PLUS FIVE IN LESS TIME IT TAKES  
YOU TO BLINK AN EYE. ALERT ALL  
UNITS IN THIS SECTOR. NOT THAT  
IT'LL DO MUCH GOOD.



CARTER AND DOLAN ARRIVED ON CEROS —

KER  
RIES  
ADMINISTRATION  
COMPLEX  
THE HOME OF THE FUTURE TECHNOLOGY

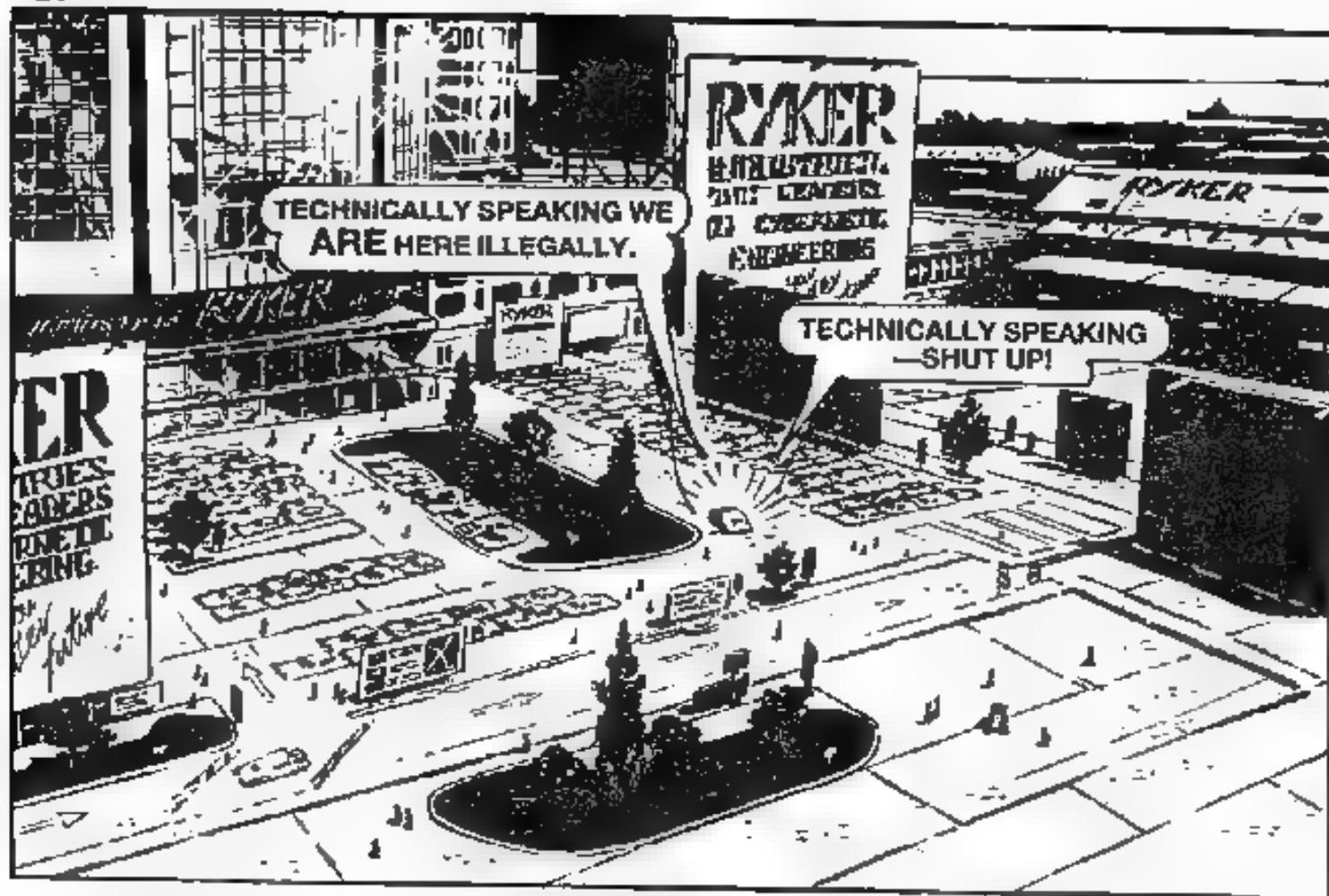
I'M SORRY — THIS IS  
A RESTRICTED AREA.

WE'RE HERE  
ON BUSINESS.

YOU STILL  
NEED CLEARANCE.

THIS IS MY CLEARANCE . . . I WANT TO  
SEE YOUR CHIEF OF PERSONNEL —  
NOW!

OKAY! I'LL LET HIM  
KNOW YOU'RE HERE.



TECHNICALLY SPEAKING WE  
ARE HERE ILLEGALLY.

**RYKER**  
INDUSTRIES  
THIS CENTRE  
OF COMPLETE  
ENGINEERING

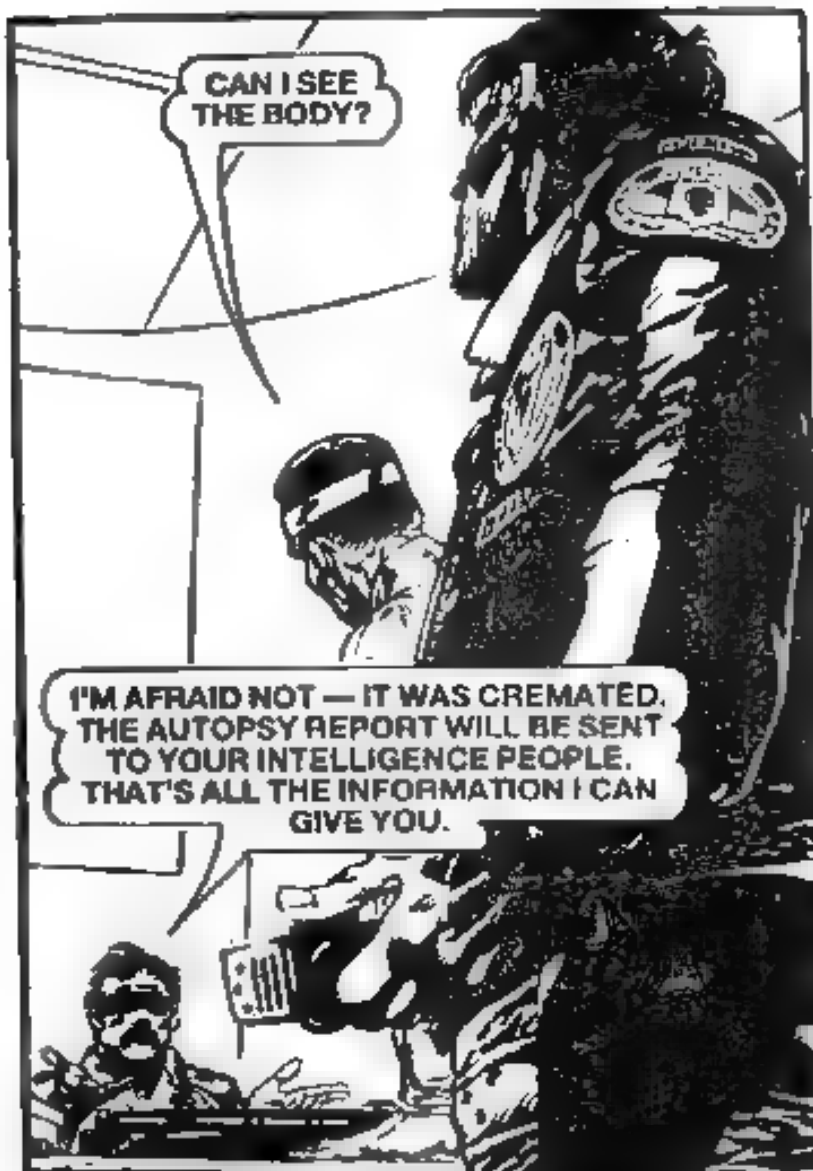
TECHNICALLY SPEAKING  
—SHUT UP!

THEY WERE TAKEN TO AN OFFICE—

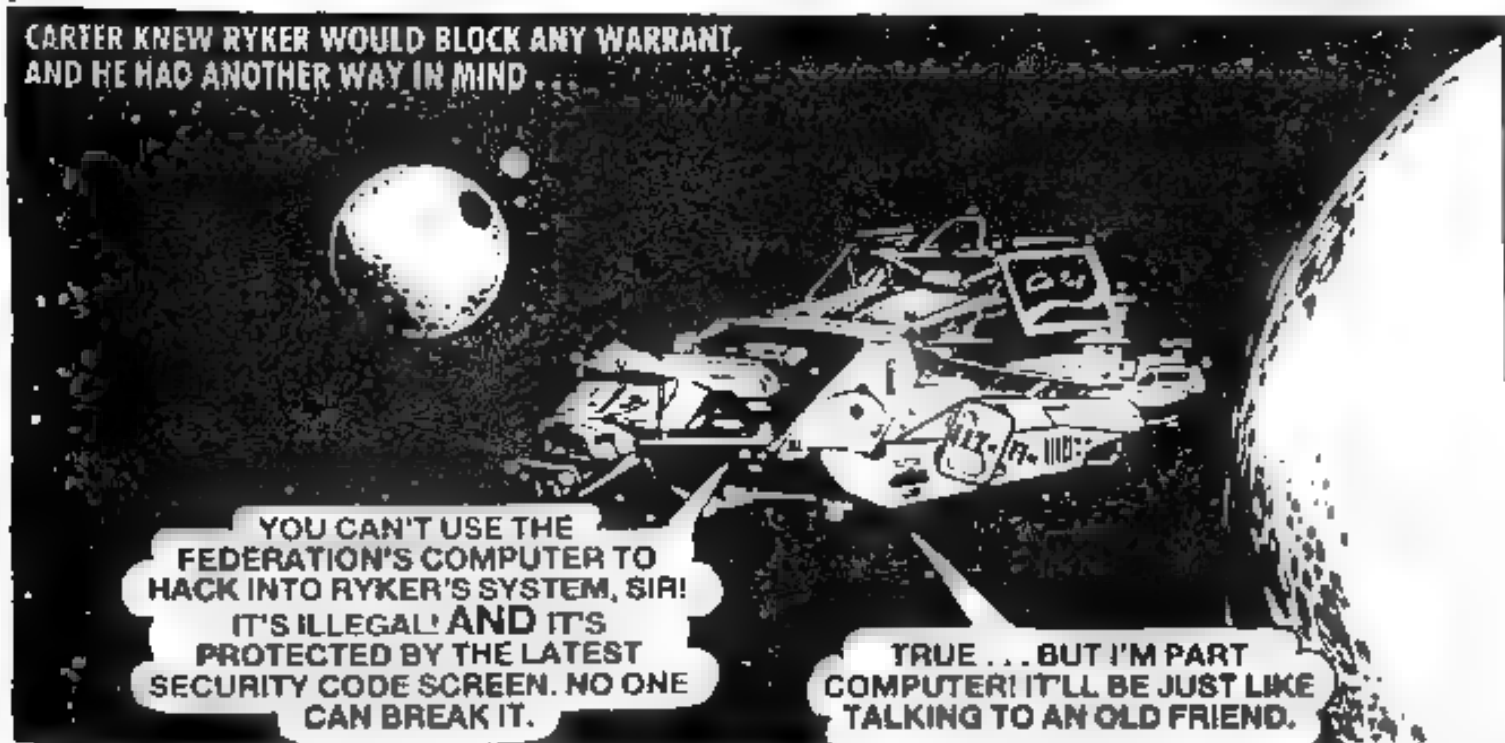
I'M AFRAID DOCTOR TAYLOR  
WAS KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT.

AND NO ONE BOTHERED TO TELL  
HIS WIFE? WHERE'S THE REPORT  
ON HIS DEATH, I WANT  
DETAILS . . . NOW!

I CAN'T TELL YOU. IN FACT WE'VE  
ONLY JUST HEARD ABOUT IT.



CARTER KNEW RYKER WOULD BLOCK ANY WARRANT, AND HE HAD ANOTHER WAY IN MIND...





UNKNOWN TO CARTER, ALL HIS MOVES WERE FAITHFULLY REPORTED.

WE HAD A VISIT FROM CARTER.

HE IS A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT. SO WE MUST ARRANGE A LITTLE ACCIDENT. AND I HAVE JUST THE THING IN MIND...

THE METAL EATING SPORE WHICH DEVoured THE CARGO SHIP ON THE TEST RUN — IT IS STILL OUT IN SPACE. AND SO IS CARTER. WE MUST ARRANGE A MEETING BETWEEN THEM.

FAR OUT IN SPACE —

A MAN COULD FORGET ALL HIS CARES OUT HERE. PEACE — PERFECT PEACE. JUST SPACE — HOPPING ROUND THE GALAXY. WHEN I RETIRE PERHAPS I'LL JUST DO THAT.

SOUNDS ROMANTIC, SIR.

ROMANTIC!!! NO — JUST A HAVEN FROM ALL THIS LUNACY.

JUST THEN THE ONBOARD COMPUTER REPORTED ...

OBJECT APPROACHING — SPEED  
SUBLIGHT-PLUS-FOUR. SENSORS  
INDICATE OBJECT IS A LIVING  
ORGANISM.

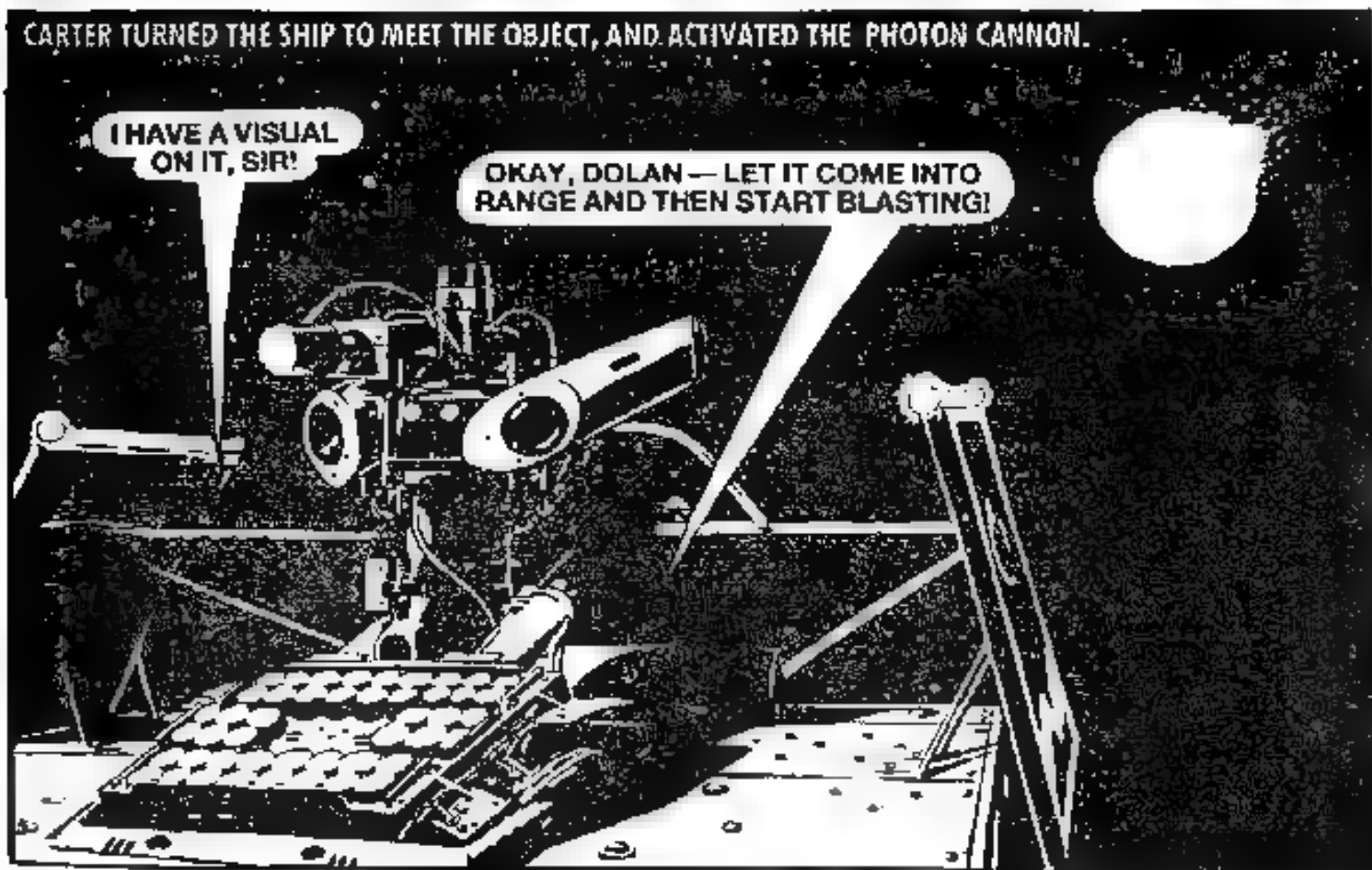
OUT HERE IN  
ZERO ATMOSPHERE?



CARTER TURNED THE SHIP TO MEET THE OBJECT, AND ACTIVATED THE PHOTON CANNON.

I HAVE A VISUAL  
ON IT, SIR!

OKAY, DOLAN — LET IT COME INTO  
RANGE AND THEN START BLASTING!



AN EXPLOSION OF LIGHT PIERCED THE DARKNESS OF SPACE AS THE PHOTON BOLT CONNECTED.

BULLSEYE!

REPORT, COMPUTER!

# WHOOF!

TOTAL ANNIHILATION NOT ACHIEVED. OBJECT ABSORBED SOME OF THE ENERGY, LEAVING A CLOUD OF MINUTE RESIDUAL PARTICLES.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

WE DIDN'T KILL THAT THING — WE MERELY BROKE IT UP! GET YOUR SUIT ON WHILE I SEND A GENERAL DISTRESS CALL, WE MAY HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE PRETTY QUICKLY!

FILE CODE  
- PULSE/SHOCK  
FILE 5  
- FILE SYSTEM:  
ALARM  
TIME ?  
- PULSE  
SOS  
- DESTINY?  
- PULSE.

THEY PASSED THROUGH THE CLOUD OF PARTICLES —  
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER THE ALARM BEGAN TO  
SOUND.

**CONDITION RED! HULL  
COMPROMISED — PRESSURE FAILING!**

THIS MUST BE WHAT  
HAPPENED TO THE "NORTH  
STAR!"

CORRECT! WHATEVER ATE  
THEM IS NOW EATING US!

THEY FLOATED OUT INTO SPACE —

LOOK AT  
THAT, SIR!

HOW CAN I AVOID LOOKING  
AT IT? BY THE WAY, MY  
NAME ■ CARTER, NOT SIR.  
A SIR IS A CREEP THAT SITS  
BEHIND A DESK. ■ MY  
BOOK IT'S AN INSULT!



**THE DOOMED SHIP BLEW UP —**

BLOWING THAT THING APART PROBABLY SAVED US, SIR . . . ER . . . CARTER. HAD IT HIT US IN ONE BIG MASS WE MIGHT NOT HAVE GOT OUT IN TIME.

YEAH — ONLY OUR SITUATION CAN'T EXACTLY BE DESCRIBED AS ROSY. WE'RE FLOATING ■ SPACE WITH ABOUT THREE HOURS OF AIR. MAYBE A LITTLE MORE, IF WE STOP TALKING.

IT WAS AN HOUR LATER THAT ■ MESSAGE CAME THROUGH ON THEIR LONG RANGE RADIO. THE AREA WAS A BUSY TRADE ROUTE BETWEEN SOME NEIGHBOURING PLANETS AND A NUMBER OF SHIPS HAD PICKED UP THEIR DISTRESS CALL.

SIT TIGHT, FEDERATION 225 — WE'RE ON THE WAY!

MAKE IT FAST!

THEY'D BETTER — BECAUSE WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE! THERE'S A METEORITE STORM APPROACHING!



WE'LL NEVER OUTFRUIT  
IT, CARTER. THAT  
STORM MUST BE AT  
LEAST 600  
KILOMETRES WIDE!

ONLY ONE THING FOR  
IT. GET YOUR BLASTER  
OUT. WE'LL HAVE TO  
BLAST A PATH  
THROUGH THOSE  
ROCKS!

FROZEN ROCKS, SOME THE SIZE OF  
MOUNTAINS, HURTLING TOWARDS THEM AT  
INCREDIBLE SPEED. THERE WAS NO TIME TO  
DODGE OUT OF THE WAY, SO THEIR ONLY  
CHANCE WAS TO BREAK THEM UP.

THIS COULD BE  
A LOT OF FUN!

I SEE MANDROIDS  
ALSO HAVE A SENSE  
OF HUMOUR. ONLY  
YOU'LL PARDON ME  
IF I DON'T LAUGH.



THEY BLASTED AWAY AT THE METEORITES —

THE SWARM IS GETTING THICKER —  
WE MUST STILL BE NEAR THE  
CENTRE!

WATCH OUT!



THE ROCK CAUGHT CARTER A GLANCING BLOW, BUT IT WAS SUFFICIENT TO KNOCK HIM OUT!



IF THAT SHIP DOESN'T COME SOON WE'VE HAD IT! THIS WAS A CRAZY IDEA ANYWAY. NO ONE CAN BLAST THROUGH A METEOR STORM WITH A PISTOL — NOT EVEN THE GREAT CARTER!



BUT A SHIP DID ARRIVE, WITH A MAGNETRON FORCE FIELD ROUND IT PUSHING THE METEORITES AWAY.

RELAX, OFFICERS! WE'LL HAVE YOU ABOARD IN NO TIME.

THANKS! AND TO THINK I PASSED UP THE CHANCE OF A NICE SAFE DESK JOB TO COME ON ACTIVE SERVICE. AFTER THIS I MIGHT JUST RECONSIDER MY DECISION!

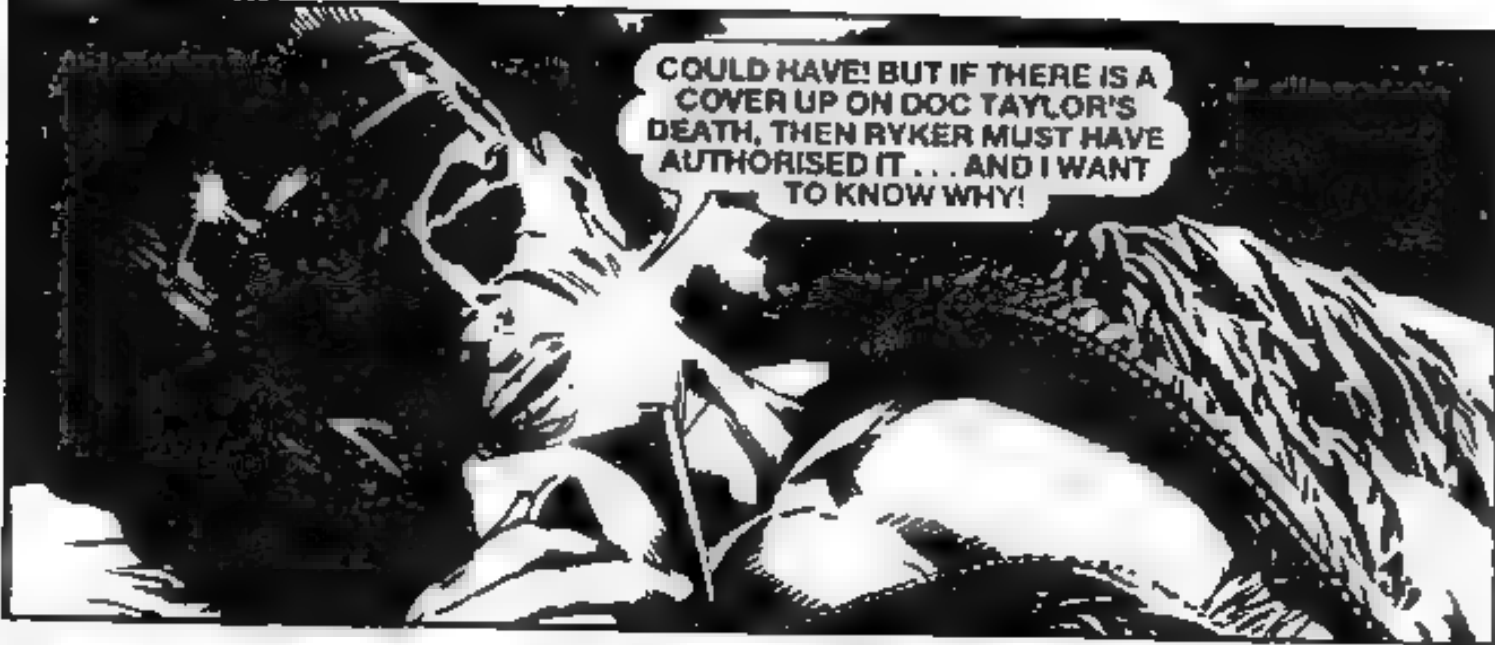
ONCE ON THE SHIP —

HOW D'YOU FEEL?


MAD! WE MUST GET RYKER!

RYKER? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S BEHIND THIS? THAT THING THAT ATTACKED US COULD HAVE BEEN SOME FORM OF ALIEN FROM ANOTHER GALAXY.





COULD HAVE! BUT IF THERE IS A COVER UP ON DOC TAYLOR'S DEATH, THEN RYKER MUST HAVE AUTHORISED IT... AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY!



OKAY... SO WHAT DO WE DO?

YOU DO NOTHING! I'M GOING TO HACK INTO THAT COMPUTER. THIS IS UNAUTHORISED — SO I'LL DO IT ON MY OWN. NO POINT US BOTH GETTING KICKED OFF THE FORCE IF THINGS GO WRONG.



AFTER REPORTING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, CARTER PAID A VISIT TO THE FEDERATION CENTRAL DATA CENTRE...

THIS ■ THE ONLY WEAK POINT IN THE SECURITY SYSTEM — AND I'M GOING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT.

ONCE INSIDE THE BUILDING, CARTER MADE HIS WAY TO THE MAIN COMPUTER ROOM.

BENSON REPORTING IN. ALL QUIET ON THE 23RD FLOOR.

NOW FOR THE DIFFICULT PART. ONE MISTAKE AND I'LL END UP A HEAP OF CARBONISED ASHES ON THE FLOOR — READY FOR THE VACUBOT TO SWEEP ME UP!

THE MASSIVE DATA PROCESSOR WAS A HACKER'S NIGHTMARE. IF A USER DIDN'T KNOW THE RIGHT SECURITY CLEARANCE CODE HE FACED THE PROSPECT OF HAVING TEN-MILLION VOLTS FED THROUGHT THE INPUT CONSOLE AND INTO HIS BODY.

HERE GOES!

CARTER INTENDED TO BYPASS THE INPUT CONSOLE AND HOOK HIMSELF DIRECTLY INTO THE COMPUTER.

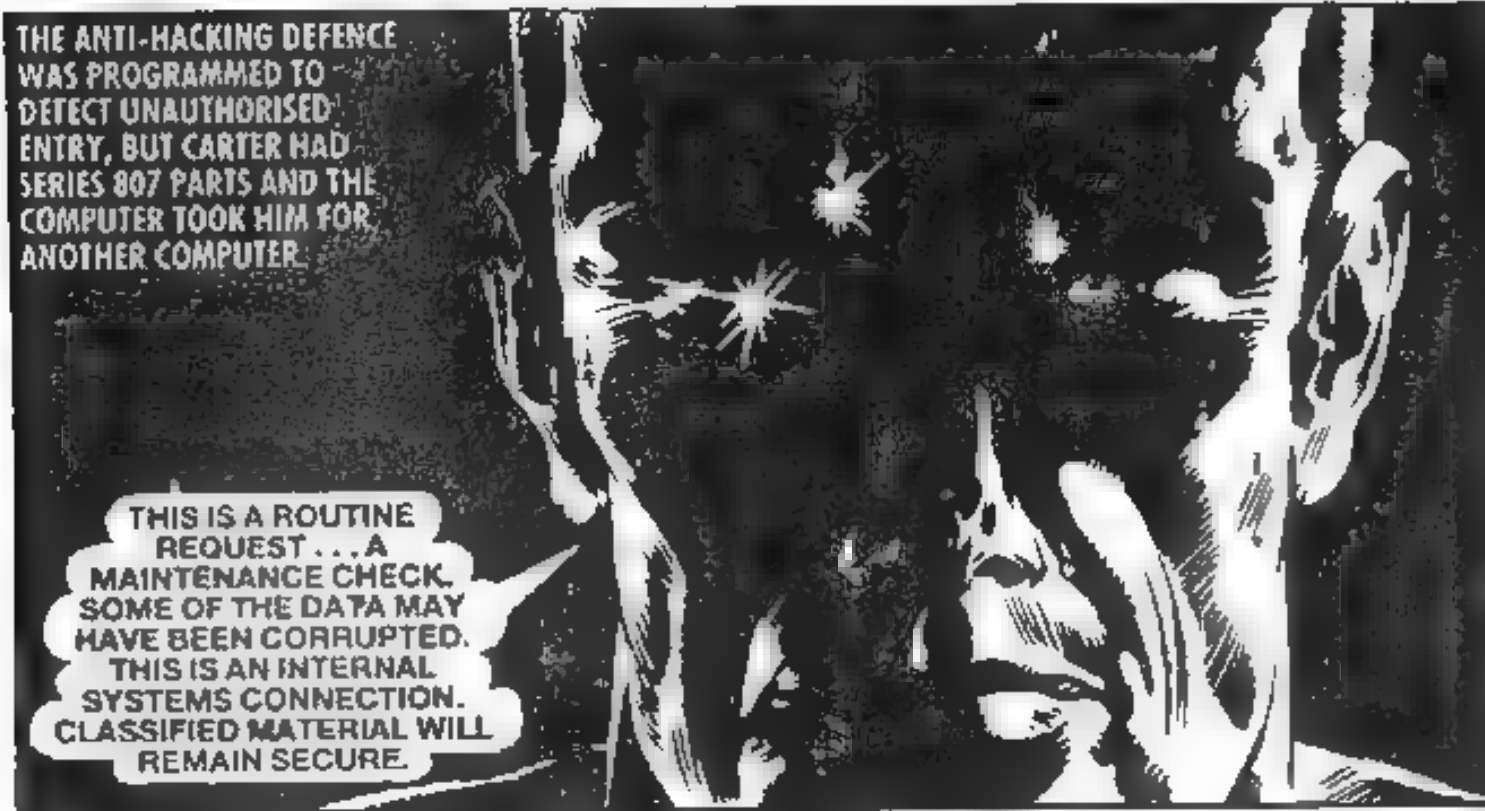


IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

I AM A SERIES 807 . . . ROUTINE  
CHECK . . . RANDOM INFORMATION  
TEST ON DOCTOR TAYLOR. DATA  
LOGGED IN THE FEDERATION  
INTELLIGENCE NETWORK.

AFFIRMATIVE . . .  
COMMENCE SEARCH.

THE ANTI-HACKING DEFENCE  
WAS PROGRAMMED TO  
DETECT UNAUTHORISED  
ENTRY, BUT CARTER HAD  
SERIES 807 PARTS AND THE  
COMPUTER TOOK HIM FOR  
ANOTHER COMPUTER.



THIS IS A ROUTINE  
REQUEST . . . A  
MAINTENANCE CHECK.  
SOME OF THE DATA MAY  
HAVE BEEN CORRUPTED.  
THIS IS AN INTERNAL  
SYSTEMS CONNECTION.  
CLASSIFIED MATERIAL WILL  
REMAIN SECURE.

A SURGE OF ENERGY PASSED THROUGH THE  
CABLE AND INTO CARTER'S BIONIC ARM!

AAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGG!



DOLAN WASN'T FAR AWAY —

CARTER HASN'T MUCH  
CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY  
WITH HIS INFORMATION. MAYBE  
I CAN HELP.





INSIDE THE BUILDING, THE PULSE OF ENERGY TRANSFERRED DATA, IN PLASMA CODE, TO THE ELECTRONIC CHIPS INSIDE CARTER'S HEAD — THE RESULT OF SOME VERY TRICKY SURGERY TO IMPLANT SERIES 807 MEMORY CELLS.

DO YOU NEED ANY FURTHER INFORMATION?

NEGATIVE! THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.

YOU'RE WELCOME! WE SERIES 807'S HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER.

THOSE VERY SAME CHIPS HAD FOOLED THE COMPUTER INTO THINKING IT WAS TALKING TO ANOTHER MACHINE.



BUT IN HIS GROGGY STATE, CARTER TRIGGERED ONE OF THE ALARMS.

INTRUDER ON LEVEL 22!

INTRUDER  
LEVEL  
22  
ALARM

LEVEL

4/72

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT IN, BUT HE'S NOT GETTING OUT! WE'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES. HE COULD BE ARMED.

CARTER WAS ARMED — BUT HE WASN'T ABOUT TO SHOOT A FEDERATION EMPLOYEE. HE WAS IN ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT WAS.

HALT!

A TRIGGER HAPPY GUARD — THAT'S ALL I NEED!



CARTER USED HIS POWERFUL ARMS TO SMASH  
THROUGH THE TOUGHENED PLASTI-GLASS WINDOW.

HERE'S TO A  
SAFE LANDING!



HE'S ON THE ROOF OF  
THE ADMIN BLOCK!

HOW DID HE BREAK  
THROUGH THIS WINDOW?

CARTER HAD STUDIED THE  
BLUEPRINTS OF THE COMPLEX, AND  
KNEW WHERE EVERY POSSIBLE  
ESCAPE ROUTE LAY.



BY NOW THEY MUST HAVE ALERTED THE  
CITY POLICE AND THE FEDERATION  
INVESTIGATION DIVISION! AND WHEN  
THOSE BOYS ARRIVE I'M IN REAL  
TROUBLE — UNLESS I CAN GET CLEAR OF  
THIS AREA FIRST.



AS SNOW BEGAN TO FALL HEAVILY, CARTER WAS EASILY PICKED OUT BY A SEARCHLIGHT.

HALT — OR YOU'RE  
A DEAD MAN!

OH-OH! IT LOOKS LIKE THIS  
■ ABOUT AS FAR AS I GET!

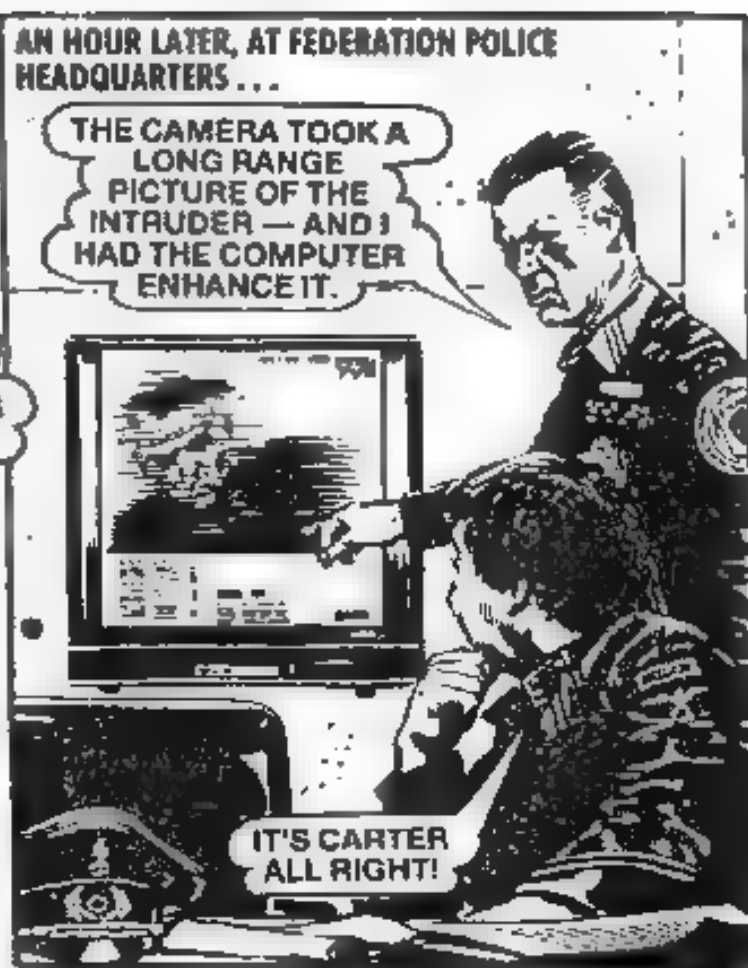
AT THAT MOMENT THE SECURITY GUARDS HEARD THE WHINE OF PLASMA TURBINE ENGINE. IT WAS A TERRANCAR HEADING TOWARDS THEM AT HIGH SPEED.

WHAT THE...? THE  
POLICE — HERE ALREADY!





YES... AND WHEN THE  
ROUGH STUFF STARTS,  
DOLAN, DON'T GO LOOKING  
FOR AN EXIT TO COVER...  
JUST BLAST AWAY.



IN A POLICE CRAFT AT THE ASTROPORT...

COMPUTER REPORTING. MESSAGE  
FROM POLICE CHIEF TO SENIOR  
LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER  
CARTER. YOU WILL REPORT TO  
HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY.

REQUEST IGNORED.

INVESTIGATOR DOLAN ■  
ORDERED TO DETAIN CARTER.

INSIDE THE CRAFT —

YOUR CHOICE! GO BY THE BOOK  
AND DETAIN ME, OR FINISH THIS  
JOB.

I'VE FORGOTTEN MY BOOK...  
COMPUTER, SET COURSE FOR  
CEROS.

RYKER HAD BEEN MONITORING POLICE FREQUENCY, AND IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



SO CARTER IS PAYING US ANOTHER VISIT.

HE WON'T GET THROUGH OUR DEFENCES.



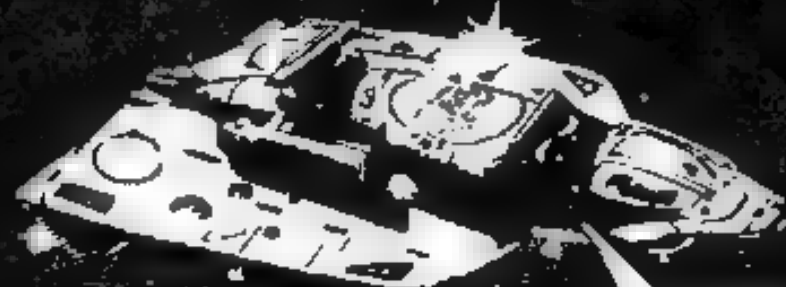
I NO LONGER TRUST YOUR ABILITY, MR RYKER. FROM NOW ON I WILL TAKE CONTROL.

YOU WILL SPEED UP THE REGENERATION MODULES. IT IS IMPORTANT WE CREATE OTHERS LIKE ME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. AND YOU WILL SEND OUT YOUR GUARD SHIPS TO DESTROY CARTER BEFORE HE GETS HERE!



AS CARTER AND DOLAN APPROACHED CEROS...

CONTACTS BEARING 300! VISUAL DISPLAY ON SCANNER.



FIGHTERS — ONLY THEY'RE NOT THE STANDARD MILITARY CRAFT. I HAVE A FEELING RYKER HAS SENT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE TO GREET US THIS TIME.





RYKER WAS FOLLOWING EVERY MOVE.

CLOSING IN ON TARGET! WE  
HAVE THEM BOXED IN REAL  
TIGHT!

HA! HA! HA! THIS TIME  
CARTER WON'T GET AWAY!

SOON THE FEDERATION'S RULE  
OVER THE GALAXY WILL END!  
THEN A NEW MASTER WILL  
EMERGE — RYKER INDUSTRIES!  
ALL SCIENCE AND  
TECHNOLOGY WILL BE UNDER  
MY CONTROL AND THOSE WHO  
RESIST WILL BE DESTROYED!

ORDER!  
THE BOSS OF THE BUSINESS  
**RYKER**  
THE BOSS OF THE TECHNOLOGY  
THE BOSS OF THE MHA  
THE BOSS OF THE GALAXY  
R.R. THE BOSS

BUT...

WE'VE LOST THEM, MR RYKER!  
THEY BLASTED TWO OF OUR  
FIGHTERS AND WENT INTO WARP-  
DRIVE. BY THE TIME WE FOLLOWED  
THEY'D GONE!

WHAT?

BUT DOLAN KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING —

THAT WAS MORE FUN THAN  
SHOOTING AT METEORITES.

ONLY METEORITES DON'T SHOOT BACK,  
DOLAN. THAT LAST HIT ALMOST VAPORISED  
OUR HULL. AND WE'RE NOT MEANT TO ENTER  
ATMOSPHERE AT WARP DRIVE!

I KNOW ... BUT A CRASH LANDING  
HAS A MARGINALLY HIGHER  
SUCCESS RATE THAN A SUICIDE  
DOGFIGHT.

YEAH, WELL. JUST GET US DOWN IN  
ONE PIECE!

BUT THEIR PROBLEMS WEREN'T OVER — IN FACT THEY WERE JUST STARTING. SPACE PILOTS HAD AVOIDED CEROS LIKE THE PLAGUE...

ATTENTION! DUST STORM  
APPROACHING. SPEED ESTIMATED  
AT 400 KNOTS.

BETTER GAIN SOME ALTITUDE! AND  
MAKE IT FAST!

TOO LATE!

IMPACT IMMINENT!

I'M GOING TO EJECT THE  
COCKPIT MODULE — SO GET  
READY!



POWERFUL JETS LIFTED THE COCKPIT SECTION FROM THE HULL — IT WAS THEIR ONLY CHANCE TO AVOID THE MASSIVE EXPLOSION WHICH WOULD OCCUR WHEN THE MAIN CRAFT HIT THE GROUND.



MEANWHILE...

SO THEY REACHED THE PLANET AFTER ALL!

IT WAS SHEER LUCK, THAT'S ALL! AND NOW THEY'VE CRASHED IN A SAND STORM. THAT SHOULD HAVE FINISHED THEM.



**LUCK? NO, I DON'T THINK SO, MISTER RYKER. IT WAS SHEER INCOMPETENCE ON THE PART OF YOUR MEN — AND YOU! THE NEW RULER OF THE GALAXY AND YOU CAN'T EVEN STOP TWO MEN!**

**HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!**

**I CREATED YOU ...  
AAAGGGHHH!**

**AND YOU USED DOCTOR TAYLOR'S BRAINS TO DO IT! YOU'RE A USER, RYKER, GAINING POWER ON THE BACKS OF OTHERS.**

RYKER SUDDENLY REALISED THAT HE WAS NO LONGER IN CONTROL —

YOU WILL SEND OUT A  
SEARCH PARTY TO FIND  
THAT SHIP. IF THERE ARE  
SURVIVORS YOU WILL  
DESTROY THEM!

UNDERSTOOD!

A GENETIC MUTATION WAS IN CONTROL, A GIANT BACTERIA WITH THE POWER OF INTELLIGENT THOUGHT. ONE OF RYKER'S PROBES INTO DEEP SPACE HAD DISCOVERED A FEW SPARES ON AN ALIEN PLANET. DOCTOR TAYLOR HAD DEVELOPED THE BACTERIA AND FOUND IT POSSESSED SPECIAL PROPERTIES. BUT THEN RYKER HAD DECIDED TO USE THEM FOR HIS OWN EVIL ENDS.

NOT TOO FAR AWAY —

LUCKY WE HAD OUR SUITS ON —  
OR WE'D HAVE SUFFOCATED  
UNDER THAT SAND. NOT THAT IT  
MATTERS.

DON'T TELL  
ME YOU'RE  
GIVING UP!



WE'VE JUST LOST OUR SHIP AND  
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO SUGGEST  
WE BREAK INTO THAT LAB AND  
ARREST RYKER.

THAT'S RIGHT!

YOU'RE NOT JUST CRAZY —  
YOU'RE A RAVING LUNATIC!

JUST THEN ...

DUST! THEY MUST HAVE  
TRACKED US ON ENTRY — AND  
NOW THEY'RE COMING TO PICK  
US UP.

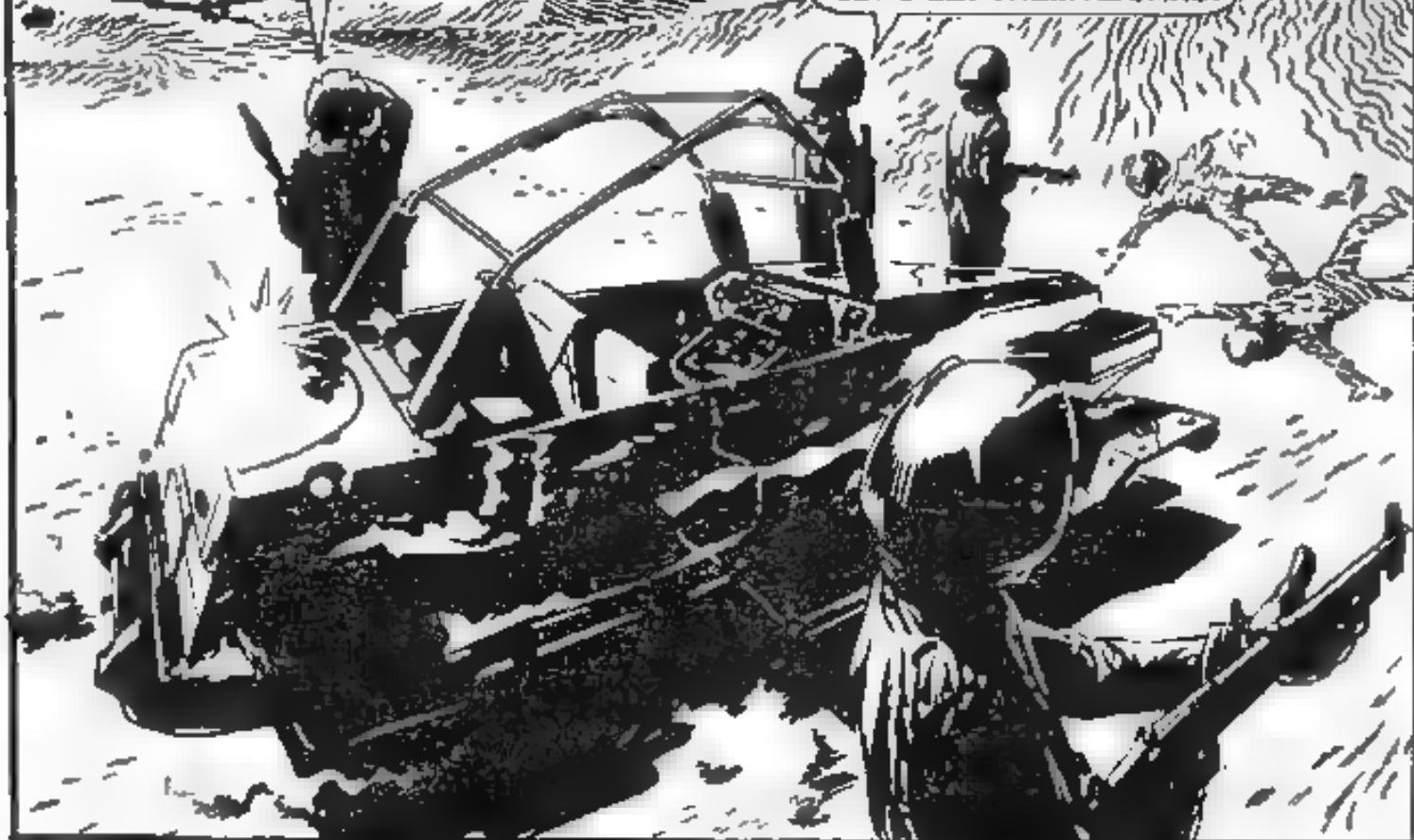
THE OBVIOUS AGAIN. LET'S LAY  
ON A LITTLE WELCOME FOR  
THEM. THAT'S IF YOU'RE STILL A  
PART OF THIS MISSION, MR  
DOLAN.



WHEN THE PATROL CRAFT ARRIVED —

NO SIGN OF  
ANY WRECKAGE.

JUST THEIR BODIES. THEY COULD  
HAVE BEEN BLOWN OUT WHEN THE  
SHIP WENT UP — WHO CARES?  
LET'S GET THEM ABOARD.

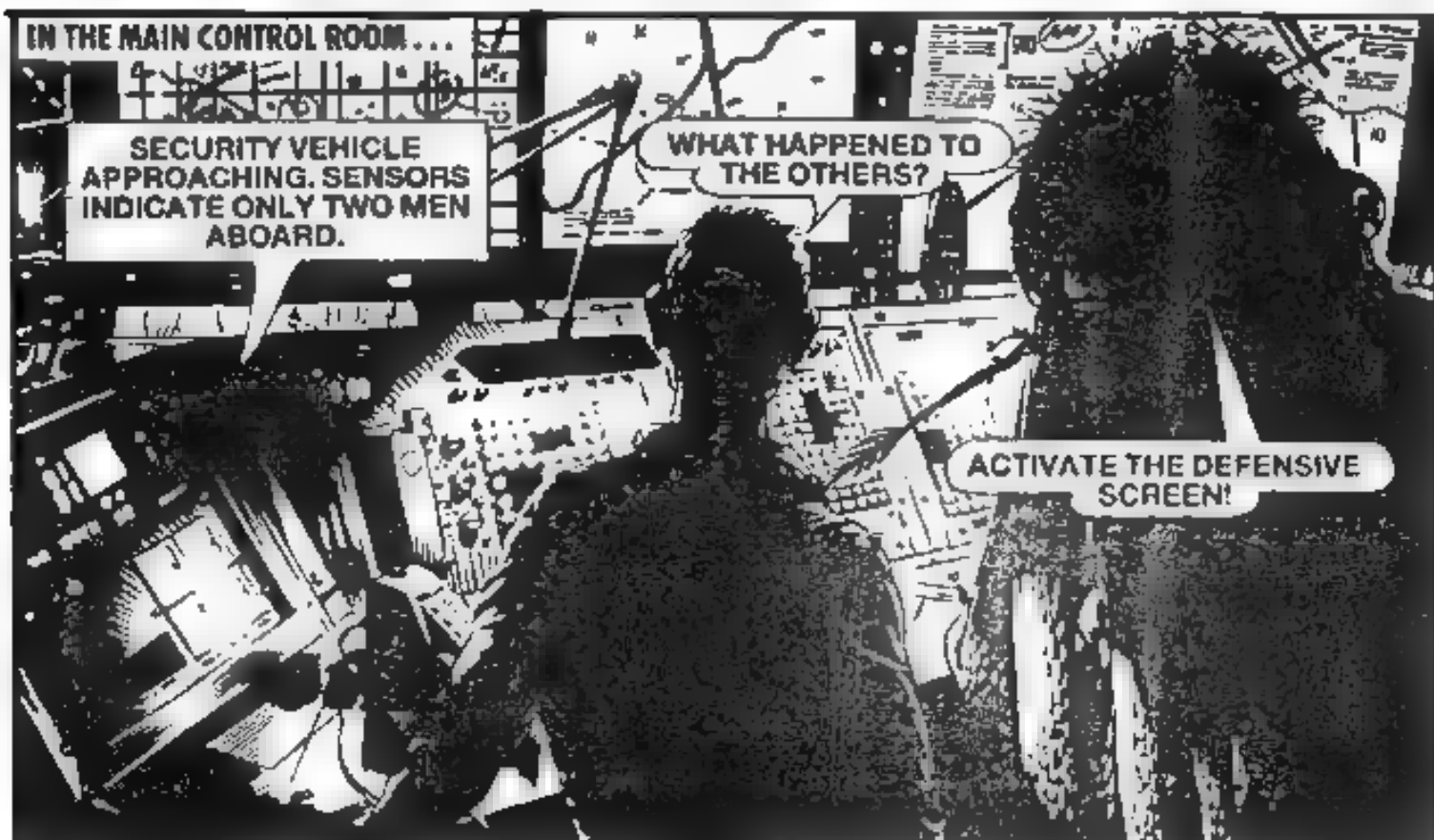
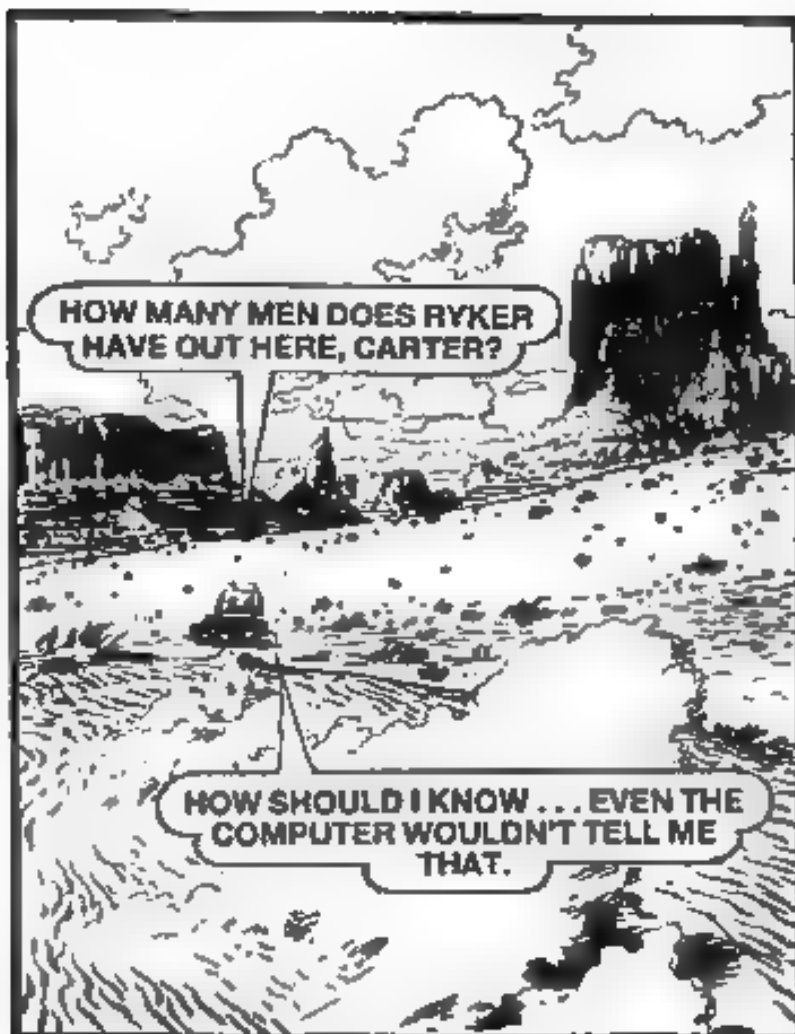


SUDDENLY—

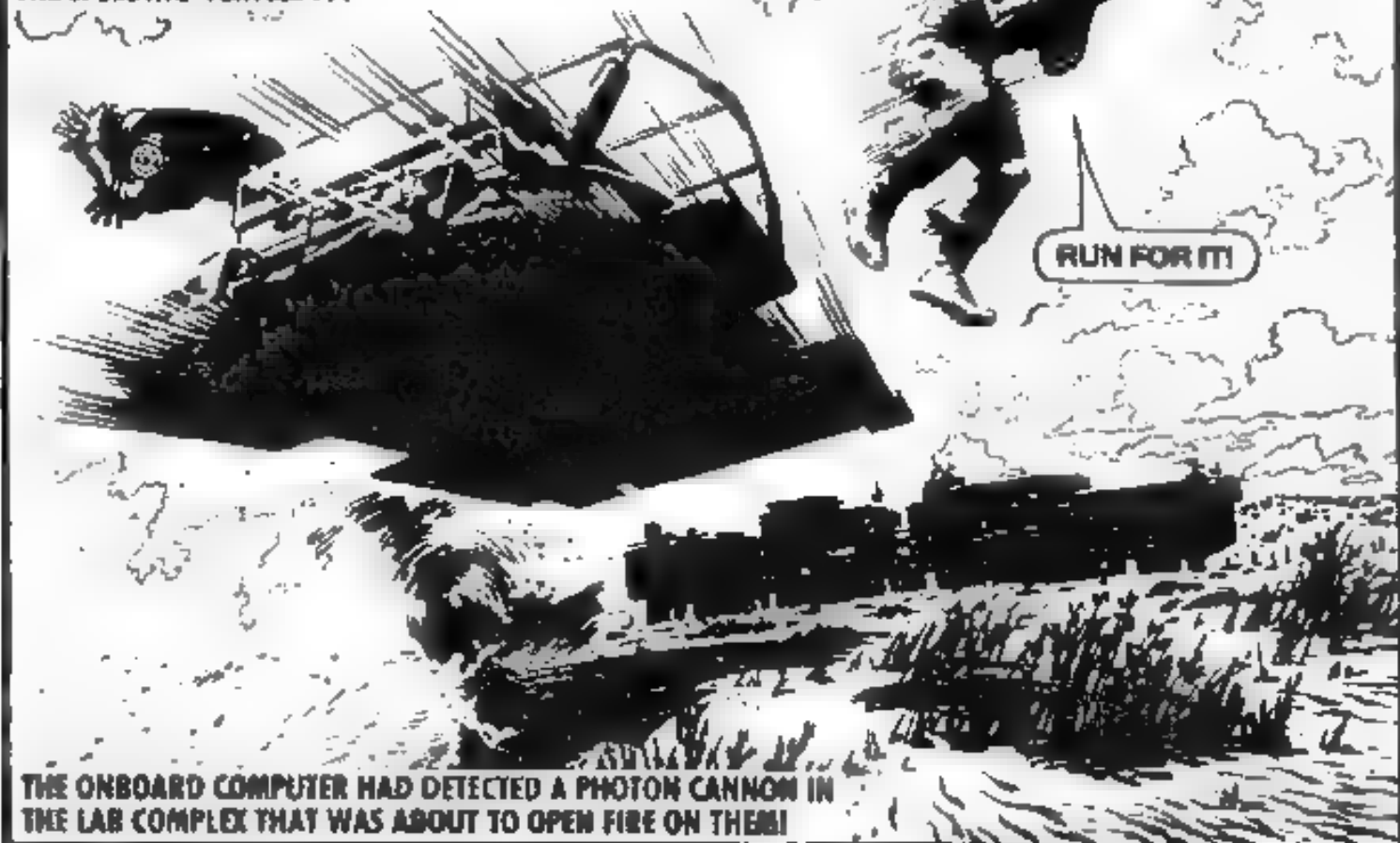
DROP YOUR WEAPONS,  
GENTLEMEN! AT THIS RANGE EVEN  
A SHORT-SIGHTED SWAMP RAT  
COULDN'T MISS!

YOU FELL FOR A COUPLE  
OF EMPTY SPACE SUITS.  
NEAT, DON'T YOU THINK?





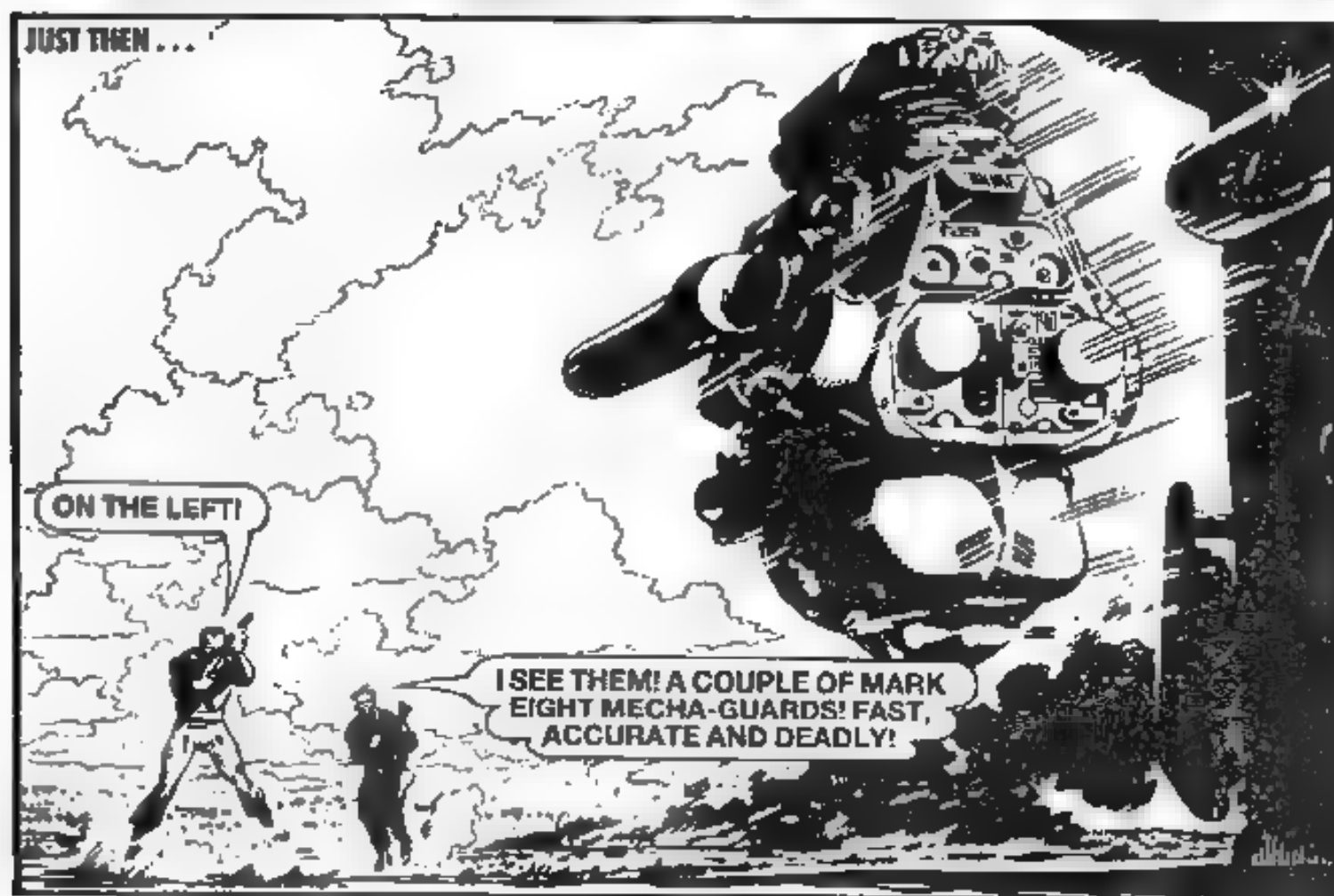
THE CREATURE GUESSED SOMETHING WAS WRONG AND MOMENTS LATER CARTER AND DOLAN JUMPED FROM THE SPEEDING VEHICLE...



THE ONBOARD COMPUTER HAD DETECTED A PHOTON CANNON IN THE LAB COMPLEX THAT WAS ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE ON THEM!

AS THE VEHICLE EXPLODED THE BLAST WAVE KNOCKED THEM DOWN.







THE FIRST TWO ROBOTS WERE EASY — BUT THEN THEY HAD BEEN PARTIALLY CONFUSED BY THE SMOKE FROM THE EXPLOSION.



WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE BUILDING FOR THEM TO USE THE PHOTON CANNON — SO ALL WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ARE THE ROBOTS!

GREAT! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT WE MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE, SIR!

MORE OF THE MECHA-GUARDS ARRIVED. PRODUCTS OF RYKER INDUSTRIES, THEY WERE BUILT AND PROGRAMMED FOR ONE PURPOSE — TO KILL!



DOLAN!



SO FAR I'VE BEEN TOO SOFT! NOW  
RYKER'S GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT  
A MANDROID CAN **REALLY** DO!



THE ROBOTS WERE FAST — BUT NOT AS FAST AS CARTER! HE HAD SUMMONED ALL HIS STRENGTH AND SKILL, ENHANCED BY HIS BIOGENETIC LIMBS. HERE WAS THE ULTIMATE FIGHTING MACHINE — PART ANDROID, PART MAN...

CARTER BLASTED HIS WAY INTO THE BUILDING. HE HAD SEEN DOLAN FALL, AND HE REMEMBERED THE OTHER INNOCENT VICTIMS. NOW HE WAS DRIVEN BY A BURNING DESIRE FOR REVENGE.

HEAR ME, RYKER! I'M COMING TO GET YOU! AND THERE'S NOWHERE LEFT FOR YOU TO HIDE!



HE'S DESTROYING EVERYTHING! BUT HOW...?



YOUR DOCTORS REBUILT HIM AFTER THE ACCIDENT — REMEMBER? HE'S A PRODUCT OF YOUR GREAT TECHNOLOGY! IRONIC HE SHOULD BE THE ONE WHO BRINGS RYKER INDUSTRIES TO ITS KNEES!

HE'S IN THE MAIN LABORATORY! AND HE'S KILLING MY FELLOW CREATURES WHO ARE STILL IN THEIR GROWTH CHAMBERS! NO... THIS CANNOT HAPPEN! NOT WHEN WE WERE SO CLOSE!



WHEN CARTER REACHED THE CONTROL ROOM HE FOUND RYKER SLUMPED IN A CHAIR, A BROKEN MAN. BUT THE DANGER WAS FAR FROM OVER ...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

HE'S FINISHED, CARTER — AND SO ARE YOU! I WILL KILL YOU AS I KILLED TAYLOR! SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY!

FOR THE FIRST TIME CARTER REALISED JUST WHAT HE WAS UP AGAINST.

OF THE MILLIONS WHICH WOULD HAVE SPAWNED, ONLY I SURVIVE! AND ONCE I HAVE ESCAPED THE WORK WILL CONTINUE — FOR THERE WILL BE OTHERS WHO SHARE RYKER'S LUST FOR POWER!

AT THAT MOMENT ...

DOLAN! I THOUGHT ...

EVEN YOU CAN BE WRONG, SIR — ALTHOUGH I MUST CONFESS I FEEL A BIT WEAK! I ... THINK I NEED A ... MEDIC!



THE COMPLEX HAD A CLINIC AND A MEDI-DROID PATCHED DOLAN UP. EVEN SO IT WAS ALMOST A MONTH BEFORE HE WAS FIT TO RETURN TO DUTY AND AN INVESTIGATION.

## COURT OF INTERIOR





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# CARTER'S LAW

Frank Carter was a policeman in the huge Terran galaxy of the 32nd century. His job was hard, lonely and extremely dangerous. But he didn't mind — the harder, lonelier and more dangerous a job was, the more he liked it. Carter was hated by some, and disliked by most, but he was used to it. He was half man, half android and completely mean.

